The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

I dream you are coming, oh, Saviour mine!
I see the glories that round you shine;
The awful music of rolling spheres
Comes down through the march of the solemn years,
As with outstretched arms I weep and wait
For alms from your hands at the Beautiful Gate.

The sun is shining, just as it shone
In the far-off days when I walked alone;
Toiling for fame, and pleasure, and love,
With never a care for treasures above.
But then I was young, and blithesome, and gay—
I am old, and crippled, and helpless, to-day.

Fame or love shall be mine no more,
For ambition is dead as the silent stones,
And love has perished with tears and groans,
Never to rise on an earthly shore.
Mayhap, immortal as I, it will wait
For an angel to ope Heaven's Beautiful Gate.

I wait for your coming, oh, Saviour mine!
With that pitying look in your holy eyes,
To be summed in the halos that round you shine,
And lie at your feet with tears and cries.
I love you, oh, Lord! and for this I wait
The alms of your love at the Beautiful Gate.

Now all those years are far in the past—
Blind and friendless, and poor at last;
With fame and love such ages behind,
And gold-heaps dim, and time out of mind,
They have borne me here, where I watch and wait
For your healing love at the Beautiful Gate.

M. EDESSA WYNNE.

"JAKE," CRIED I, "DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

THE PLANTER PIRATE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XIII.

ILL-OMENED SOUNDS.

I felt utterly unable to recover my feet, but at length I succeeded in expelling most of the water from my cloak, by pressing it with my feet against the trunk of a tree, and then spreading it over me, I lay smothered in dampness.

Once only in the dreamy sleep of that night was I aroused to a clearer comprehension. It was a sound that startled me.

It appeared to be a shot, instantly followed by a shriek, like the cry of some one in extreme agony.

I thought there were voices afterwards, and lay for a long while listening, but nothing more could I hear.

With the sun fairly up my strength had to some extent returned, and I bethought me of the next move to be made; which of course was how should I get off the island.

I did not spend much time in speculating about this. My eagle-shooting excursion was still fresh in my remembrance, and along with it the lagoon to which it had led me in chase of the wounded bird, with the old dug-out I had seen under the cypress.

I accordingly gathered up my cloak, now nearly dry, slung it scarf-like over my shoulders, and with staggering step set forth in the direction of the dug-out.

Suddenly I came to a stop, at the sound of human voices.

They were not loud, but heard only in low murmurings.

The speakers were evidently by the edge of the lagoon towards which I was proceeding.

I soon recognized the voice of one of the speakers.

It was the same that had sworn at me the night before, as I clung to the steering-oar—the voice of the boatman, Black!

My first feeling was of extreme surprise.

What could the flat-boat captain be doing on the island? And was his craft there too? It might be.

The sounds reached me direct from the lagoon. The boat might be in it.

Listening, I again heard the voices, mingling with the tread of heavy boots, as of men hurrying to and fro over hollow planking. Beyond doubt, the boat was in the lagoon.

What was it doing there? Had it met with an accident, and been taken in the lagoon for safety and repairs?

I had heard that the river's current was at this point especially dangerous, and this suggested the thought.

It never occurred to me that they had brought to on my account. I could not suppose this. I was certain as I lived that they had intended taking my life, and were under the impression they had succeeded. Had Black merely pushed me overboard, I might have had doubts; but the thrust of his knife, and the fierce exclamation that accompanied it, left no uncertainty as to his intention.

And now, recalling this, my first feeling of surprise gave way to one of alarm. Whatever cause of hostility these ruffians had against me would still exist. Moreover, their design of taking my life would now be strengthened by an instinct for their own preservation. Seeing that I still lived, they would know that their attempt at assassination could not go altogether unpunished, despite the lawlessness of the land.

In that remote and solitary place, unseen by human eyes, save their own, they might renew it, with every chance of success, considering my crippled condition.

For some time I not only hesitated to advance, but feared to retreat, lest the rustling of the leaves might betray my presence.

For some minutes, I remained thus irresolute, when it occurred to me that some one might stray out among the trees, and discover me.

A giant cypress stood near, whose huge buttresses offered an excellent place of concealment; and gliding silently into one of its dark niches, I took my stand and waited.

I listened now to make out what the men were saying, but could not. The conversation appeared to be carried on in a low tone, and as if under restraint.

There were three voices taking part in the talk; but Black's was the only one I could recognize; a second I thought was Stinger's, but this man was of a taciturn habit, and I only heard it at long intervals. The third was unknown to me.

After a time a fourth voice fell upon my ear, and in a tone that seemed to direct or command.

I was startled to find it was that of the planter Bradley.

I now, as may be imagined, desired to get a view of the speakers, but this I could not do without danger of exposing myself to discovery.

I might hear what they were saying by making a nearer approach, but this would have been equally perilous.

All at once it occurred to me that I might accomplish my object by climbing up into the cypress. The sounds would be carried upwards, and in the tree top I might be able to understand the talk going on near the lagoon.

I saw that the ascent would be easy. One of the buttresses offered a slanting ridge, not much more difficult to scale than the rounds of a ladder, and by this I clambered up.

Once among the branches, I felt myself safe from being seen; and by creeping along one of the large branches I succeeded in catching sight of the bayou, the boat, and the crew.

Not the crew as I had noted it, when taking my departure from Henry Woodley's plantation, for the four negroes were not seen.

I saw only white men. There were three of them.

Two were Black and his confederate, Stinger. The other a man unknown to me, but whose physiognomy and general appearance rendered him a fit associate for the two already named.

All three appeared busy as bees, though not occupied in the same manner.

I first saw Stinger, who was engaged on that end of the flat where the steps led down into the caboose.

He was scrubbing the roof-boards, and apparently, also, the steps, with a brush in hand, and a bucket standing beside him.

Crawling a little further along the branch, the other two came in sight.

There was a staging from the flat to the shore. It sloped down to the bottom of a sort of a doorway in the side of the boat.

I could see that a half-score cotton bales had been rolled across it, and lay upon the land.

Among these, Black, in his shirt-sleeves, and the strange man, were busy.

I had not been long looking on before I discovered that Black and his assistant were engaged in an operation that quite mystified me.

As I have said, they were busy among the cotton bales.

With inquiring eyes I watched their proceedings, and saw the two take hold of a bag, unloose the ropes that bound it, rip off the "bagging" from one of its sides, and then stitch in its place another piece, after which the binding cords were readjusted.

For some time I was puzzled by this singular proceeding, and it was only after a prolonged scrutiny that I could conjecture what it meant. At length, however, I arrived at the elucidation—strange and improbable as it appeared.

I observed that the pieces of canvas removed were from the sides that carried the plantation mark and the name of the owner. I could make out the word "Woodley." On those that replaced them, which appeared in other respects precisely similar, I saw that there was a different mark, and a different name. In the large black lettering I could read "N. BRADLEY."

Up to this moment all had been conjecture. It was so no longer. The scheme became revealed to me as by a flash of sudden sinister light. I was looking upon a scene of piracy, such as I had heard was far from being rare upon the Mississippi river!

The transaction was clear.

The Planter Pirates had taken possession of the cotton-boat, and were making their plunder presentable for a safe sale.

That Bradley was at the back of it I had no doubt. His name going upon the bales proved that he was the chief of the gang. He was not there himself, but I felt certain he had been but a few minutes before. I could almost have sworn to hearing his voice.

How had the capture been effected?

My thoughts now reverted to the negroes who had composed the crew.

With increased interest I again looked to see if they were upon the boat.

My eyes wandered to the hatchway of the little cabin, in which I had last seen them asleep.

Were they asleep still, or in the slumber of death?

My blood ran cold at the horrid suspicion—colder as I thought of its probability.

There was no sign of any negro. Stinger was alone seen by the steps of the caboose, still occupied with his scrubbing brush.

My attention now became particularly directed to this man. What could be his object in washing the rough planks forming the roof of a flat-boat? Of what was he cleansing them? And why with such care? for he was down upon his knees earnestly devoting himself to the task with apparent earnestness.

In seeking an explanation, my eyes rested on the "suds" chased to and fro before his brush.

I saw that they were of a crimson color, as if tinged with blood!

I saw this with astonishment—with trembling. I remembered what I had heard in the night—what I had believed to be a dream—the shot and the shriek that succeeded it.

Had both been real? Had murder been committed? And was Stinger engaged in eliminating its traces?

The blacks were no longer upon the boat. Where were they?

Was it, then, blood I saw, and were their bodies at the bottom of the bayou?

Horrid as were these suspicions, I could not help having them, and the thought that these were true becoming a conviction, kept me quiet in the tree.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SPELL OF PADDLING.

I remained silent on the limb of the cypress. Even the irksomeness of my seat did not tempt me to descend.

I was now sensible of being in a position of real peril.

The men were murderers—all four of them—and one more crime would be lightly added to their list.

Taking my life would be a step necessary for their own safety; and I knew that if discovered, I might expect but a short shrift of it.

As nothing could be done before night, I summoned all my patience to await it; and all of it was called into play.

The time at first did not hang so heavily on my hands. I was furnished with a sort of melancholy entertainment in watching the movements of the three ruffians upon the flat; but, at last, I became wearied of this, and soon after lost sight of them altogether.

After the bales that had been rolled out upon the bank were treated as described, all three—Stinger having completed his task of purification—entered inside the ark, and for several hours I saw no more of them.

I could guess, however, how they were engaged. The bringing ashore only the odd bales had been to make room for operations inside, where I had no doubt that the whole cargo was receiving the Bradley brand.

The quickness with which they appeared to execute their work of unroping, re-stitching, and re-tying, told that it was not the first time of their having been similarly employed, and the pieces of old canvas strewed about the place, and which I had noticed on my former visit to the island, were now recalled to my recollection.

In that solitary spot more than one shipment of cotton had changed its plantation mark.

I could now understand what appeared to have puzzled his acquaintances—how Mr. Nat Bradley had so rapidly prospered on his new plantation.

His boast of being able to make two bales in Mississippi for one in Tennessee I could no longer look upon as an idle vaunt. Under my eyes was the explanation.

It was a long, tedious, terrible vigil, astride the limb of a tree, hungry, athirst, and smarting under the pulsations of a fevered wound.

Just, however, as the twilight gloom was beginning to darken over the island, I saw the three men come forth out of the cavernous opening in the side of the ark, each carrying an armful of soiled canvas, which I recognized as the cast sides of the cotton bales.

I saw them make them up into a huge bundle, load it with heavy mud, tie a rope round the whole mass, and fling it into the lagoon, where, like a stone, it sank to the bottom.

After this, the odd bales were rolled aboard, the staging drawn in, the hatch door shut to, and the huge ark yielding to a pair of oars, passed slowly and silently from my sight.

As soon as I was sure that they were gone for good, I descended from the tree; and waiting till the darkness had come down, I groped my way towards the place where I remembered having seen the dug-out. I was not disappointed.

I found the old craft, still resting neglected on the water, either not seen, or not cared for by the pirates, who had passed away.

Getting quietly aboard, and arming myself with the paddle, I unloosed the fastening of twisted bines, and pushed towards the river, which I reached without hearing or seeing any one.

Fortunately, the night was a dark one, like that which preceded it.

I was further favored by a thick fog, that had come on after sunset.

Once out on the river, I had no difficulty about the direction.

But, as may be imagined, I was not easy in my mind until just by the earliest break of day, I saw before me an open spot on the bank, which I recognized as the landing to Henry Woodley's plantation.

There was no house near it, no erection of any kind, only some cords of firewood upon the bank, intended for the supply of such passing steamboats as chose to put in for it.

It was part of the industrial resources of the plantation.

The house stood a full half-mile from the river's edge, screened from view by the cotton-wood forest.

At that early time I did not expect to see any one at the landing. I hoped not, as I did not myself want to be seen.

I had begun to reflect on the future more than the past; on the punishment of those murdering pirates, and the mode of bringing it about.

I knew that in such a lawless land, justice might not be so easily obtained, and that despite the proofs I had, stratagem would still have to be resorted to.

At all events, it would be as well that none of the plantation negroes should know of my return until I had first communicated with their master.

With the view of making my approach unobserved, I clung close along the bank, and came to it some distance below the landing-place.

Drawing the old dug-out up under some branches that overhung the bank, I made it secure, at the same time that it was concealed from view.

I did not intend that the old craft should drift down stream, and perhaps tell a tale to the pirates below.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIFIED DARKEY.

When I had landed, and was reflecting what to do, I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the house. They were made known to me by the rustling of the dry leaves, with which the wood-road was thickly covered.

The footfall was flat and heavy, evidently that of a negro.

Soon after, I saw the negro himself.

It was Jake.

With joy I recognized him—the very man I wanted to see.

I could take the old skiffman into my confidence, and by him send a message to his master to come out to me in the woods.

"Jake!" I cried, advancing, "look this way!"

He turned suddenly, and was at first so terrified, that he seemed half determined on rushing past me, and reaching the house.

He even cast his eye towards the skiff, to see if there was any chance of retreating in this direction.

"Jake!" I said, in a reassuring voice, "what's the matter with you? Don't you know me?"

"Goramity, massa!" he gasped out, at length, recognizing the man he had so often guided through the swamps, "wha—wha—wha's comed ob you? Lor a mercy! You's all kibbered oba wif mud, like a drown rat ob do ribba! 'Splain youself, massa. What de ole debbil hab been a happen to ye?"

"Never mind, my good fellow, I have no time for explaining. I want to see your master."

"Come in, den. He ain't up yet; but he soon come out for you."

"No, no! I want to see him *down here*."

"Down hyar!" echoed the darkey, with a look of increased astonishment. "Ain't you comin' up to de big house, to get um washed, and hab ya close brussed, an' eat ya breakfuss?"

"No, not just yet, not till I've seen your master. And look here, Jake, I don't want any one to know that I am here except your master. You must tell him to come down without delay, and without any one suspecting that you went back to the house on that errand. Put this in your pocket, and let me see that you carry my message discreetly."

In the attempt to murder me, I had not been robbed, and I was able to sharpen the zeal, as also the intelligence, of my intended messenger, by the douceur of a dollar.

I gave it less for this than to impress him with the importance of the errand, and so secure greater caution in its accomplishment.

With some additional instructions, I dismissed him, and taking a seat upon a log under cover of some underwood, I awaited the coming of Henry Woodley.

I little expected that, before seeing him, I should shake hands with his brother Walter. Yet such was the reality.

While sitting upon the log reflecting how much of my story should be told to my late host, and how much, for the time, kept back, I heard the deep, sonorous bell that an-

nounced the approach of a "high-pressure" steamboat.

Looking up the river, I saw the boat itself, rounding a sharp bend a little way above the landing.

When nearly opposite, her pilot-bell rang, her paddles ceased to move, and she lay to, under hissing steam.

Presently a yawl, with three men in it, shout out from her stem, two of them rowing, the third evidently a passenger.

I had scarce time to think of who it might be, when the bow of the rowboat struck against the bank, and the passenger stepped ashore, carrying a carpet-bag with him.

I recognized the young Tennesseean cotton planter, Walter Woodley.

He did not so easily recognize me; and when he at length discovered who was the mud-bedaubed individual that saluted him, I need scarce say that his astonishment was extreme.

His story was easily told.

He was on his way to New Orleans, to look after the disposal of his cotton crop, and was merely making a stop to see his sister and brother, intending to go on by the next boat.

My tale, being more complicated, was reserved for a later occasion, until the two brothers could hear it at one hearing.

It was not long before we saw Henry coming from the house, Jake following at a respectful distance behind him.

The Mississippian was less surprised at seeing his brother than me.

He had heard the stoppage signal of the steamer.

Walter had been expected to come that day, and it was for this the old skiffman had hastened down to the landing, to see if there was any sign of the boat.

Only Jake himself was in attendance. The negro had shown intelligence in the accomplishment of his mission.

By my appearance, Henry Woodley was still more astonished than his brother had been. He had more lately seen me in a different guise.

But mingling with his astonishment, he had the suspicions of a sinister cause, arising from antecedents he could remember.

Though he could see that something serious had occurred, he did not question me then; he waited till we should get to the house.

About this there was still the same difficulty. I assured him that the servants must not see me.

I had my reasons, which I promised to explain afterwards.

Both the brothers, still wondering, Walter suggested a way. A change of cloak and hat—in short, a disguise.

He had his own cloak over his arm, with other apparel in his portmanteau; mine to be rolled up, and carried as a parcel by Jake, who was in the secret; my pantaloons to be tucked inside the tops of my boots.

A little mud was not remarkable upon the banks of the Mississippi.

Our host could precede us to the house, and on some pretence order the domestics out of the way, so that we might enter unobserved.

A short time served for making the change required; and, closely enveloped in Walter Bradley's cloak, with trowsers, backwoods' fashion, thrust inside my boots, I entered the plantation house without exciting any suspicion on the part of the domestics.

Twenty minutes spent at the toilet, my host assisting, rendered me presentable in the drawing-room, where I was received by his sister with that sort of surprise that caused me a secret gratification.

I was more gratified by the look given me, in which pleasure at my appearance seemed suddenly to become pain at the sight of my disabled arm.

By the quick paling of her cheek, accompanied by an exclamation of alarm, I felt that Cornelia Woodley had an interest in my fate—something more than a wish for my welfare.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

My story was told to the two brothers, their sister being spared the revelation.

It is not necessary to say that both listened to the tale with astonishment.

It seemed too horrid for belief; but there was no room for incredulity.

My wound was a living witness of at least a portion of its truth; and, for the rest, the circumstances were sufficient.

There was a confirmation in the character of Bradley.

Both knew the man to be of a bad, brutal nature. Both had heard strange rumors concerning him—conjectures as to his mode of life, and the means by which he had so rapidly become rich, for at present he was so reputed. Gambling had been usually given as the cause; but of late there had been whisperings of a more sinister kind, in regard to the way in which Mr. Bradley had become possessed of so much property.

My experience of the two preceding days, had furnished the clue to the truth.

I had no longer a doubt, that, along with the ostensible pursuit of cotton planting, Mr. Bradley secretly combined the calling of a *pirate*, for by this name is the river-robber familiarly known in the region of the Mississippi.

My opinion was adopted by my listeners, as I continued to tell them what I had seen.

The facts spoke for themselves.

Besides, both had heard of circumstances corroborative of what could no longer be called suspicion.

For some years past, there had been reports of flat boats missing upon the Mississippi; several had been spoken of.

Henry Woodley had himself heard of an especial case, which had occurred in the preceding year. It was that of a flat freighted with cotton, from a plantation somewhere up the Arkansas river. Its owner had despatched it in charge of a crew of negroes, his own slaves, but had never heard more either of cotton or crew.

Most people supposed these missing boats to have perished in squalls, or "hurricanes," as they are thus called, to have gone to the bottom, with their crews along with them—an occurrence not uncommon upon the Western rivers.

But there were others, who did not attribute all these losses to the storm—people of a more suspicious way of thinking, in whose memories were still fresh the exploits of the pirate, Murrell.

This robber had been somewhat incorrectly assumed to be the last of his race.

Though it might be on a smaller scale, it was evident he had a successor in the planter, Bradley.

As we continued to discuss what had occurred, and examined it in all its bearings, the whole scheme became clear.

I now learned for the first time that Black and his associate, Stinger, were complete strangers to the Woodley family.

They had presented themselves on the Tennessee plantation as professed flat builders and boatmen, and in the double capacity had they been employed.

I recalled the fragment of conversation I had overheard between Black and Bradley on the wood path of the plantation.

It had puzzled me at the time; its signification was now clear, and I could understand the interest which Bradley had shown in the cotton crop about to be embarked.

No doubt it was by his directions Black and Stinger had shown themselves in that quarter, and undertaken the building of the boat.

They were simply his confederates in a grand scheme of piracy, of which we had evidence of a single act, no doubt far from being the first.

And there must have been murder too!

Where were the four negroes? They could not be kept out of the way, with tongues silent in such a transaction.

There was no time to dwell upon or talk of it. Time enough for that when we had taken steps to be assured of its reality, and, if real, to punish the perpetrators of such an atrocious crime.

And what was the primary step to be taken? That was the first question that came before us.

The intentions of the Planter Pirate were clear enough; his three confederates would carry the boat on to New Orleans, where the cargo could easily be disposed of.

No doubt they had a ready way of doing this through some *respectable* cotton broker in collusion with the gang.

Their object in taking so much trouble to alter the marking was of course to prevent identification. This would be effectual, since all cotton bales are alike, as much so as eggs, pigs, or sheep.

The huge parallelopipedon, covered with coarse canvas "bagging," and confined in its cording of hemp, is a thing not to be sworn to. Remove the mark, and it may belong to anybody.

The two hundred bales sent down from Tennessee, worth over twelve thousand dollars, were for the time being the property of N. Bradley, as could be proved by the plantation mark.

Once sold by him, no man could reclaim them—that is, without other evidence to substantiate the claim.

But for what I had witnessed upon the island, this would have been wanting. The boat that carried them would be easily put aside; like all of its kind, it would be sold at the levee wharf, at once to be broken up for firewood, or, what in this case was more likely, taken down the river, and sunk during the darkness of the night.

Would Bradley himself go down in the flat? He thought not.

It would scarce comport with his character of rich planter and proprietor.

More likely he would follow it in one of the steamboats, from Natchez or some near port. He may have taken the very one that had brought Walter Woodley to his brother's plantation. He could hail it from some landing below.

What would be our best course to pursue?

For my part, I was determined to punish the man who had twice made an attempt upon my life, for I looked upon Black as but the representative of Bradley.

We had no proof to connect the latter with any of the crimes that had been committed.

I could not swear to having seen him at the lagoon, and my oath as to the identification of his voice would be too slight a testimony upon which to convict him, even of connivance.

He could deny that he had been present; and as to placing his name upon the cotton bales, any one might do that without either his knowledge or sanction.

Unless one of the three confederates should turn state's evidence, the chief pirate would escape the punishment he so justly deserved.

Let the thing take its course; let the cotton be sold and delivered, and then, whether warehoused by a broker, or bought by a *bona fide* purchaser, it would become known to whom the purchase-money was to be paid.

Then we should discover who was chief of the pirates, and get the whole gang within the meshes of the law.

This was my advice, warmly seconded by Walter, and when fairly set before him, also appearing best to his brother.

It was agreed we should all three go down to New Orleans, place ourselves in communication with a respectable solicitor, and obtain the assistance of the law in the accomplishment of our purpose.

At the close of our deliberation, a surprise awaited us.

Outside we heard the hoof-stroke of a horse.

On looking through the window, we saw a man dismounting by the gate of the enclosure, and fastening his bridle to the post.

As he paced towards the house, our hearts beat high with surprise and an anticipation of strange events in store for us, for we recognized the piratical ruffian, whose punishment we had a moment before been planning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Paris papers speak of a new disease called, after the well known Prefect of the Seine, "Haussmannite," which seems to be an affection of the lungs occasioned by the atmosphere being impregnated by minute particles of stone and plaster of Paris, arising from the vast demolitions and building constantly going on. The particles find their way into the bronchial tubes, and occasion a species of catarrh, which is accompanied by a distressing cough.

☞ Here is a white rose that has not faded through three hundred years—the white rose sent by a Yorkist lover to his Lancaster inamorata:

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lips it spy,
As kiss it thou may'st feign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

☞ We have now nearly seventy thousand Chinamen in this country, the most of them in the Pacific states.

☞ A magazine writer says: "In ancient times it was the human figure which gave shape to the dress. Now-a-days it is the dress which gives shape to the figure."

☞ New Jersey is called the garden field of Methodism. It has over 50,000 members of that denomination, and some of the finest church buildings in the country.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $1.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

A NEW NOVELET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

We began June 13th a new novelet by Capt. Mayne Reid, called "THE PLANTER PIRATE." It will be accompanied with engravings.

Will our friends and patrons through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST *on trial* for six months for one dollar.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

We wish that the attention of the people of this country could be diverted occasionally from the questions which constitute the general staple of the differences between the two great political parties, to the alarming fact of the rapid growth of corruption in both of them.

It is notorious that men are sent to the national and state legislatures by both political parties, whose votes can be purchased, and are constantly purchased.

As to the legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, and the other leading states, this fact is admitted by all who have an opportunity of knowing; and only denied by those whose ignorance is their bliss.

And then as to Congress, we have such facts as the description by Vice-President Hamlin of the mode in which the indemnity of $20,000,000 to Texas for Mexican lands she never owned, was passed through both Houses—yes, even through the Senate itself! A claim almost utterly baseless and unjustifiable.

Again, we have the recently published assertion, which we have not seen denied, that an entry exists on the books of the Pacific Railroad Company, by which an officer of that Company is charged with $500 000 for the expenses of getting its charter through Congress—no explanation being given how that large amount of money was spent; the statement simply being made that it was spent.

Again, we have the fact that the United States government has found it impossible to collect the tax of two dollars a gallon on whiskey. Which means that its own sworn officers are so corrupt that the tax cannot be collected. Although it is stated that Great Britain not only levies, but succeeds in collecting, an even larger tax on the same article!

And here is another statement, in relation to a national gift for a national object, which recently has been brought before the public. A daily contemporary says:—

"The Yosemite Valley and its giant trees seem destined to be the prey of speculators. In 1865, Congress passed a bill giving the land in the valley to the state of California as a special trust for public uses—to be kept from ordinary settlement and waste; and the trust was accepted by California. A few squatters, however, who had erected their shanties in the valley, lay claim to all the best lands and groves; but as they have no sort of right, claim or title to any part, the Commissioners appointed by the state appealed to the California Legislature to turn them out or buy them off. Instead of complying with this request of the Commissioners, *the Legislature voted to grant the squatters all the lands they claimed.* Governor Haight vetoed the bill, but it was carried over him. The permission of Congress, however, is necessary to confirm the act, since it is a direct violation of the grant to the state. A bill is now before the Senate, *having already slipped through the House*, validating the title of these interlopers to some of the grandest scenery on the continent and to the greatest curiosity of the vegetable world. It is to be hoped that California will not be allowed to escape from the duty which she has promised to perform."

Of course we all understand how things like the above pass state legislatures, and "*slip*" through the House of Representatives at Washington.

But we need go no further in adducing proofs of what nearly every man who is in a position to know admits—that the corruption of our legislative and executive officers, both state and federal, is of the most alarming character.

Now for such a general rot, must there not be some general cause? But who among our politicians, or even among our statesmen, seems to lay this matter to heart? Who seeks to investigate the reason why corrupt men are chosen and appointed so continually to office?

Readers of history know that through this path of political incompetency and corruption, Republics always march to their downfall. For the masses of men need good and wise government too much, not to welcome even a Despotism that will secure it, in preference to a Republic that will not.

Louis Napoleon reigns because he governs France, on the whole, wisely; according to the prevailing French ideas of wisdom. The Republic organized by Lamartine went down, mainly because it failed in practical wisdom and ability.

Of course, the American Republic is the one that is to endure forever. No matter how corrupt, how wasteful, how incompetent its rulers may prove themselves, it is to be eternal. So say all the newspapers, all the orators, all the people. But so does not say History.

Everybody in this country claims to be capable of "self-government." If everybody is capable, or even a majority, of course their representatives will also be capable—and the government will be a success. For the representatives do, as a general truth, represent the average wisdom and honesty of those who elect them. Are your representatives, legislative and executive, corrupt? It is a proof that those who elect them lack either honesty or wisdom—either the wish to choose honest and able men, or the ability to recognize such when they see them. Or, in other words, lack the virtue or wisdom to "govern themselves."

No mere claim of a people that they are able, or have the natural right, to "govern themselves," amounts to anything. That all nations have not been wise and good enough to "govern themselves," the history of the world abundantly proves—the history of the world is continually proving.

Many nations are now in a state of continual turmoil and anarchy—greatly injurious to all their industrial and intellectual interests, and to their social happiness—simply because they are not able to "govern themselves."

If a people are able to "govern themselves," they will be able proudly to point to the proofs of the fact—to honest and capable legislators; to wise laws, faithfully executed; to internal peace and tranquillity. If they are not able to point to these proofs, they may talk as they choose about their "rights," but the government is passing rapidly out of their hands. Such a nation is in the transition state from a well-ordered Republic, through the anarchy of contending Factions, to the rule of an Aristocracy or a Monarch. Even in the apparent plenitude of its power, and in the midst of its sumptuous banquetings, the hand of Fate will be seen by the prophetic vision, writing on its walls as on those of Babylon of old, in letters of consuming fire, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting!"

RUM AND MISSIONARIES.

The following is an extract from a recent debate in the House of Representatives on the Tax Bill:

Mr. Logan asserted that the exportation of whiskey from this country was a thing unknown, and hence there was no necessity for export bonds. It was only alcohol and rum that were exported. If the tax was paid at the distillery, and the product afterwards exported, a drawback could be allowed, and in no other way could the tax be collected. He contended that it would be cheaper for the government to pay the whole five or six million of dollars on exported rum rather than leave this door open to fraud.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., contended that, if the tax had to be paid at the distillery, the export trade would be destroyed. Rum was an absolute necessity for the trade with Africa.

Mr. Price inquired whether he was to understand that the New England ships carried out rum and carried back negroes?

Mr. Butler said it was not so; that the slavers did not carry out rum; that the honest traders did so, and carried back palm oil, and that nothing else but rum would be accepted in exchange.

Mr. Farnsworth inquired whether the same vessels carried rum and missionaries?

Mr. Butler—I suppose so; and added, that if *they could not send rum to Africa, they could not send missionaries.*

Mr. Allison suggested that this question as to liquor for export should not be pressed until the sections about bonded warehouses were reached.

The question would seem to arise from the above, whether our New England brethren do not probably do the heathen more harm with their rum, than good with their missionaries.

☞ Our article on "Political Corruption" will be found excellent reading for the FOURTH OF JULY—much better than the usual "*bunkum.*"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BOOK OF EVERGREENS. A Practical Treatise on the Coniferæ, or Cone-bearing Plants. By JOSIAH HOOPES, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. The author of this book has made the study of trees and plants the object of his life; and has written it to fill up a blank in our works on horticulture. We commend his performance to the attention of those of our readers who are interested in the subject.

MARIETTA. A Novel. By T. A. TROLLOPE, author of "Gemma," "Beppo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated. This volume contains "The Pickwick Papers," "Barnaby Rudge," and "Sketches by Boz." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

CAMPBELL'S POEMS. The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

HOW SHALL WE PAINT OUR HOUSES? A Popular Treatise on the art of House Painting; Plain and Decorative. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES. What it has done, what it is doing, and what it will do. By RANSOM H. GILLET. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

A MENTAL ARITHMETIC. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M., author of "An English Grammar," "First Lessons in Composition," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and Eldredge & Bro., Philada.; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

APPLETON'S SHORT-TRIP GUIDE TO EUROPE. Principally devoted to England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy; with glimpses of Spain, short routes in the East, etc.; and a collation of travellers' phrases in French and German. By HENRY MORFORD, author of "Over Sea," "Paris in '67," etc. Published by D. Appleton, & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY. With other Ballads. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. July, 1868. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. July, 1868. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LINDA TRESSEL. A Tale. By the author of Nina Balatka, the Story of a Maiden of Prague. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston.

ALL FOR GREED. A Novel. By the Baroness BLAZE DE BURY. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. American Edition. Published by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

COMMENTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor,—In your issue dated June 13th, is the following Riddle:—

"When from the ark's capacious round
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was it that first heard the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?"

I venture the following answer:—

Under the stairs of that old hulk,
Skulking from Noah's cat,
And listening for the coming "boots,"
Was gray old R, A, Rat, (Ararat.)

I also send you the following palindrome, if that is what you call it:—

Asa and Hannah were lovers, and each could see only perfection in the other.

In speaking of them it was said—

"Asa deified Hannah—Hannah deified Asa."

I also feel inclined to criticise your "homemade Barometer," of a week or two ago.

Why make *two* drums and then spoil one by punching a pin hole through it? Why not knock the end out entirely? The effect would be the same. Or why have two drums at all? The punctured one is a mere weight to balance the other. If you have one air-tight "drum" of such shape and material that it cannot expand or collapse under the influence of the atmosphere, and have it nicely balanced, it will doubtless rise and fall with the changes in the weight of the atmosphere; but a piece of lead or a brick-bat is just as good to balance it as a drum with a hole in it.

ALGONA.

Algona, Iowa.

The Military Telegraph.

The Flying Telegraph Train and the drill of the cadets in the system of military telegraphic communication excited great attention at the recent commencement at West Point. The apparatus has received the unqualified praise of every officer who has examined it, and it is stated that many foreign officers have come over to this country for the express purpose of learning the military telegraphic and signal system used in the United States Army.

The Flying Telegraph Train is thus described by an observer: First came the wire wagon. In the rear of this vehicle, on an adjustable stanchion, is a reel of wire, with a crank to wind the wire when the line is taken up, extra reels of wire, insulated wire to be used when rivers are to be crossed, naked wire for ordinary uses and the "sounder." The cadets are so thoroughly trained in this branch that they can both receive and transmit messages by sound. In this wagon is also a patent reel made to fit on the back of a horse in case a point is reached where it is impossible to go on in the wagon. Next comes the lance wagon, in which are placed the poles for the wire, crowbars, a tool-chest, pins, nails and ladders, so, if necessary to have the line run through dense woods, the wire can be fastened to the limb of a tree. Last comes the telegraph station, also on wheels, containing the batteries so arranged to be almost impossible to be broken. The batteries are placed along the side of the wagon, and can be easily removed, and, with the instruments, carried into a house, and have only to be supplied once a fortnight. In this wagon are desks, stools, and all the appliances for four telegraph lines. These three wagons constitute a Flying Telegraph train.

The drill or practice in setting up the wires is thus described: First came on the double quick a non-commissioned officer bearing a flag and marking off the points with a pin where the poles or lances are to be set. Next followed the wire wagon also on the run, reeling out the wire; next the lance wagon on the double quick, the men inside throwing out a lance at every pin, and a squad of men with crowbars made holes in the ground, taking up the pin, setting the lance and laying the wire. Then followed the station wagon with instruments set, and in seven minutes three-quarters of a mile of line was ready, and a message was passing over the wire, and an answer received from headquarters. The average rate of speed in building a telegraph line and putting it in operation, is three miles an hour. The drill, as above described, exhibits the working at the greatest possible rate of speed.

☞ The following is recommended as a recipe for making Bologna sausage:—Take an eel skin and stuff it with ground cat; season it with Scotch snuff and persimmon oil; lay it in a hog pen to dry, and then hang it up by the tail in a grocery for three months for flies to give it the trade-mark; then it is ready for use.

☞ The Boston policemen carry umbrellas in rainy weather.

☞ A performer at one of the music halls of London styles himself "the champion double somersault thrower to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!"

☞ Thomas Mann, of Somerset, Me., had both shoulders dislocated a few days since, while playing base ball.

Different Modes of Teaching.

BY DR. E. D. BUCKMAN.

The system of class teaching, so generally in vogue, is simply one long continued uncensing toil of years in the mere accumulation of dry facts, without reference to their relations to each other, to society, or to the world, until the overtasked mind becomes disgusted with the effort and succumbs to be the pack horse for other men's experiences, at the expense of its own originality of thought, and its own individuality of action. Our original thinkers have not been produced from a life long servitude in these class schools of days gone by; these produce to us scholars filled with a reverence for the lore of ages past, mechanically skilled in the duties of to-day; their originality has been cramped, their individualities subdued, and their perceptions blunted by following in the beaten track of the *regular* road to science.

Occasionally, however, a student of nature comes from the fields untrained in the paths of scientific lore, undisciplined by the regularism of the aristocracy of the schools, and who astonishes the world by the freedom of his thinking, the strength and activity of his perceptions and the originality of his observations, whilst the plodding classical student pursues his routine way, distanced and overwhelmed by the activity and brilliancy of his competitor.

Whence is this? But this thought brings up the point from which we have digressed. Facts give us knowledge. We seek intelligence and wisdom.

What is intelligence, and what is wisdom? Terms often expressed, more rarely understood; by the former we shall be understood as meaning that comprehensive association of ideas which enables one to appreciate the relations that facts bear to each other, and the effects that naturally follow the action of existing causes. By the latter, that accumulation of experience, not only of facts, but of the observation of effects arising from causes, that enables the possessor to intuitively foretell us, as it were, the natural results arising from any combination of known facts or influences. The interesting point here involved is as to the manner in which this intelligence and wisdom is to be attained.

The facts we learn in science, art, or nature, would be of but little use to us, were they to stand isolated and alone, without knowledge of the relations they may bear to other facts surrounding them. Of what use to the student of anatomy would be a knowledge of the form of an artery, without a knowledge of its uses? Of what advantage the knowledge of the course it pursues, without a knowledge of nerves, veins, and tissues that surround it, as well as the uses of these various parts, and their relative positions with the artery and with each other?

It is only by a proper observation of these mutual relations that the intellect is well developed. The intelligent teacher who would be successful in conveying the greatest amount of useful information to his class, must not be satisfied with exhibiting the greatest array of facts in the least amount of time. But in presenting the facts pertaining to his subject should, by numerous and well directed observations upon the influences that these facts have upon each other, seek to imbue the mind of the student with such a comprehensive view of their relations, that they will be as much of a reality to him, as are the more tangible facts that form the basis of the subject under consideration.

To recur to the various systems of education that have been in vogue in different parts of the world during the past century, will perhaps be both profitable and interesting, so far as we can discover the effects upon the character of the people.

In this, however, we will observe only those systems that are based on a principle of mental development, rather than upon those of economy or of sectarianism.

Jocatot astonished France some generations since, at least Paris was surprised, and you know that Paris is France, by the brilliant results of a new mode of instruction, in which without books, and with many of the ordinary appliances of the day, he would by steady and gradual processes evolve from the mind of the pupil all the necessary conclusions that men arrive at in their every day transactions of life; in doing so, he would supply from his own resources all the facts involved in this subject; add to the interest of these by his observations upon the mutual relations of these facts; mingle them with the observations elicited from the pupils' conversational powers, and brighten the illustrations by which he enlightened the subject.

His mode of teaching was by reading a paragraph from any newspaper, book, or other source; taking up all the ideas that could be found pertaining to it, and teaching in a conversational way, all the geography, history, art, science, commerce, etc., that could be educed from it. This mode, by the aid of numerous reference books for use of the pupils, enabled him to produce in France a practice of original thinking that has done much not only to enlighten its people, but to produce those great learned men whose works are always hailed by the world as being of superior intrinsic merit.

Jocatot's teaching was very popular in his own hands, but from the tact and labor required of the teacher, and of the extent and variety of knowledge necessary to be possessed by him, it soon fell into disuse.

While Jocatot was charming France with his brilliancy, Pestalozzi was rousing up the German mind by his induction system, in which, commencing with some fact known to the pupil, he would induce the pupil to make observations and express such opinions as the merit of the subject required, appealing, as did Jocatot, to the pupil's reason and perception for these conclusions, himself supplying the new facts necessary to the development of the case.

Pestalozzi's was a systematic mode of instruction, with a distant object in view; arranged with reference to the cultivation of all the faculties possessed by the human mind, and is the most successful of all the modes of mental development yet introduced. It has produced the deep thinking, rational investigators of the Prussian and German schools, whose works always command our respect from the deep research and rational conclusions drawn by their authors.

The English have always maintained the class system, and pride themselves on their adherence to the lore of classical literature; and in this the Americans have, to some extent, imitated them. In this course no system of mental philosophy is regarded; there is no thought as to whether the faculties of construction, number, place, size, color, etc., are cultivated or not; it is one continued drudgery of repeating the words of sages of a thousand years ago, or of argument upon the relations of words in a dead language, rather than of ideas in a living one. Hence, the pupil graduates with the honors of a knowledge of what Cæsar, Cicero, and Homer said and did, rather than with one of what is said, done, or thought in the age in which he is living. Hence, knowing nothing of the present he becomes deeply imbued with a reverence for the authorities and opinions of the past, together with a corresponding contempt for new ideas; never in the course of his educational training having been made, or led to think for himself; he lives in the atmosphere of thought, made by those who have lived before him; he is befogged in the mists and ignorance of ages gone by, and distrustful of the living realities around him. The precision of his mechanical education ties his mind to the corner-stone of the *has been* so closely that he is ever unable to advance upon the *will be*, any further than is comprehended in the "*is*," he is a fixture moving onward only as the wheels of time drive him; hence by the force of his education he has become the sluggish, reverential, authority-worshiping, sturdy, stiff-necked creature that is manifest in all his doings.

But little of value has been produced by English thinkers. Their class system of education hedges in their individuality, and induces that principle of regularism that decries new things as innovations, unless they have been produced by some venerable authority, and thus are ready to burn at the stake of public opinion all who dare to make inroads upon the established customs and usages of the country; memorable instances which are found in the persecutions to which Harvey, Jenner, and Spurzheim were subjected, and which is being repeated in the case of Chapman, who is making damaging assaults upon their older theories of inflammation.

Nor is the medical profession in America far behind their English cousins in this practice of regularism; they who do not worship at the footstool of authority are too frequently ignored as fanatics or as dreamers to prevent us feeling that thought is seriously shackled by the voice of authority.

Educated in a similar school of classical literature, it is to be expected that similar results will be produced, and we are assembled here in this organization for the purpose of upholding independence of thought and action in our profession; maintaining rationality in the healing art, and glorifying every original thinker that contributes to the great sum of knowledge in the healing art, whether coming from the sands of Africa, the mountains of Peru, the palaces of the Incas, the arts of the Aborigines, the schools of Hahneman, or eclecticism, or any other sources producing thought or material that will enable us to modify or ameliorate the ailments or accidents that the human body is liable to.

A GOOD REASON.

By one decisive argument,
Tom gained his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day.
"Why in such haste, dear Tom, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said.
"But then," says he, "*I may.*"

☞ At Baden-Baden, a lady asked her friend "why they called a town devoted to play a watering place?" "Because," answered her friend, "the visitors are generally cleaned out."

☞ Miss Kate Randolph remarks that "even the calm and well-balanced mind recoils at the dreadful thought of the immense number of single ladies who are to adorn the present century in the old Bay state."

☞ The Empress Carlotta, in her insane moments, imagines that the royal palace wants cleaning, and she keeps everybody busy with soap and scrub-brushes. There are thousands of American wives who are troubled with the same fancy.

☞ Speaker Colfax writes relative to the pronunciation of his name: "My first name is pronounced as if written Skyler, and the last as if written *Coalfax*. The 'a' doubtless dropped out in crossing the ocean."

☞ Every West Point cadet must sign the following before he get a day's leave of absence: "Upon the honor of a cadet and gentleman, I certify that I have in no manner or way improperly interfered with or molested, harassed, or injured new cadets from my admission to the present time: and I do further pledge my honor that during my absence from the post of West Point I will abstain from all intoxicating liquors and every dissipation or excess for three days immediately following my departure from and preceding my return to the Academy."

☞ A Kansas subscriber writes that the crops (including fruits) promise an abundance for the present year.

☞ It is proposed in Buffalo to lay pipes from the breweries to the residences of citizens, so that everybody can have his own tipple in his own private room. Why not, as well as gas, steam and water? New Yorkers will soon be laying pipes to Orange county for a supply of milk.

☞ A fine landscape painting has just been added to the Bateстown Museum. It consists of two logs across a mud hole. A rural critic, in speaking of it, says that the foreshortening of the puddle exhibits more of Rembrandt's peculiarity than any picture that has been in this country for twenty years.

☞ A French naturalist asserts that the trunks of trees are always flattened in the northerly and southerly direction, and expand in an east and west place, and these facts he connects directly with the movements in rotation of the earth.

☞ A New Hampshire farmer has a flock of sheep whose wool became filled with hay seed during the winter, and now the result is a crop of grass on the back of each individual. An exchange suggests that by a little management he might produce lamb and green peas on the same stock.

☞ A gentleman from Paris paid a visit to a country dame, in whose parlor he saw a portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady, her visitor naturally asked her if the picture was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I have had the portrait painted to represent her as she would appear if she had lived until now."

☞ Fashionable ladies spend ten hours on their heads where they do one on their brains. The result is a fine flow of hair, but no flow of ideas.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—The Ways and Means Committee have concluded to take no action in regard to Financial questions during the present session of Congress.

The Tax Bill, so far as relates to Whiskey and Tobacco, has passed the House. The tax on Whiskey has been wisely reduced to fifty cents. The tax on chewing tobacco and snuff is 32 cents and on smoking tobacco 16 cents a pound. Cigarettes, cigars, and cheroots are taxed at $5 per thousand. The tariff on foreign cigars is $2.50 a pound and 25 per centum ad valorem, or a reduction of the present duty.

The President vetoed the Omnibus Reconstruction Bill, but it was passed at once over his veto. It admits twelve Senators and sixty Representatives into Congress—from North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Florida.

MISSISSIPPI.—Despatches from Jackson, Mississippi, claim that the Democrats have carried that state by several thousand majority, and that their vote is largely increased by the negroes.

GEN. GRANT'S TOUR.—Gen. Grant expected to start on his Western tour last Monday.

DEATH OF MATTHEW VASSAR.—Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the founder of Vassar College, died suddenly on the 23rd, while reading his annual address before the Trustees of the institution. He was 77 years of age.

NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.—The corner-stone of the new Masonic temple at Philadelphia was laid on the 24th with imposing ceremonies.

THE ATTORNEY GENERALSHIP.—William M. Evarts has been nominated by the President to be Attorney General of the United States.

GREAT BRITAIN.—George Francis Train has again been arrested by the Court of Bankruptcy. He protested as usual.

The 20th of June was celebrated as the thirtieth anniversary of the accession of her Majesty Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain.

Sunday, the 28th, has been appointed as a day of Thanksgiving throughout Great Britain for the success of the Abyssinian expedition.

ITALY.—The Pope condemns the Austrian Reform Legislation in bulk—punishment for observance of the new laws to be in the other world. The Austrian Government resolves to maintain the laws.

At a public banquet at Civita Vecchia, General Dumont, commandant of the French forces in the Pontifical States, declared France would never abandon the Holy Father.

Florence rumors anticipate an early war between France and Prussia.

Italy has notified the other powers that she will remain neutral in such an event.

GERMANY.—Extensive preparations are being made in Worms for the forthcoming celebration of the Reformation and the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statue of Martin Luther.

All the Protestant denominations unite in the celebration. Crowds of visitors from every part of Germany are pouring into the city and great numbers of foreigners, the majority of whom are Americans, arrive by every train.

SPAIN.—Madrid despatches announce that the news of the proposed mediation of the United States, in the questions at issue between Spain, Peru, and Chili, is generally accepted in official circles as a practical termination of the war. The latest advices from South America report that the Spanish Pacific Squadron, under Admiral Neunez, had arrived at Rio.

News Items.

Senator Sumner has written to a citizen of Norfolk, Va., that he knows of no ground for excluding a colored man from Congress, if duly elected; and says he should welcome the election of a competent colored man to either House of Congress.

The young lady to whom it is reported that Mr. Colfax is to be married, is Miss Perry, daughter of a prominent and wealthy citizen of Keokuk, Iowa.

The Topeka (Kansas) Record says: "We heard lately of a curious freak of nature. Seven pounds of rusty bacon, furnished to the Indians, swelled to twelve hundred pounds by the time the vouchers were made up for the Government to pay for it. Again, six head of Texas steers for the Indians, cost $2,900 to Government. Strange things sometimes happen."

A New Haven paper states that four regular physicians in Connecticut, all brothers, possess an infallible remedy for hydrophobia, but will not divulge the secret. If this be true, we agree with the journal that they deserve the severest reprobation.

Laura V. Ellis, a Spiritualistic medium, has been obliged to take out a juggler's license in Ogdensburg, N. Y., before she could exhibit spiritualistically.

The death of Chambers, the English rower, of consumption, was brought about by over exercise. A year ago, it is said, he was the picture of health and the model of an athlete.

Bark Northern Queen, from Cardiff, reports passing no fewer than forty-eight icebergs on the western edge of the Banks of Newfoundland, on the 17th and 18th ult.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the new American Minister to the Court of Great Britain, will sail from the port of Baltimore on the 1st of August. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and her son Taddie will be among the passengers. She will be under Mr. Johnson's protection to Liverpool, where she will meet friends.

It is reported that a young lady living near Temple Station, on the East Pennsylvania Railroad, died recently of the sting of a locust.

The wardrobe of the Princess Metternich, it is said, consists of 119 dresses of silk, each of 119 pieces, and trimmed with 1,000 yards of trimmings; 164 morning gowns of various materials, adorned with one million of buttons; 61 walking dresses and cloaks, ornamented with one ton of bugles; 51 shawls of various sizes and colors; 152 petticoats, in variety; 275 other under garments; 305 pairs of stockings; 156 pairs of gloves of every known color; 49 pairs of boots and shoes; 71 sashes and belts; 64 brooches, in variety; 72 pairs of ear-rings, in variety; 31 fans; 24 parasols; 1 umbrella, &c.

It is stated that Mrs. Eunice Warner, formerly of Great Barrington, Mass., became a mother at thirteen years, a grandmother at twenty-seven, a great-grandmother at forty, a great-great-grandmother at fifty-six, and a great-great-great-grandmother at seventy-four, after which she lived several years.

On the 20th instant, John Greer, of West Jefferson, Ohio, stabbed and instantly killed an acquaintance named Hand, who accused him of having married a colored woman.

An English pedestrian recently ran forty miles in less than five hours on a wager of $100.

An oriental spectacle, reminding one of some of the scenes described in sacred history and the marriage of Ahasuerus, was witnessed at Pekin on the 27th of March. The young Emperor of China, having reached the age of fourteen, the time had come when a wife had to be chosen for him. One hundred and twenty young girls, ranging from eleven to nineteen years old, were admitted to the palace on the previous evening as candidates. Seven were chosen from this number, who had to submit to an examination before the Empress-mother, whose business it is to make the choice. Letters from Pekin of the 2d of April inform us that the young lady upon whom the choice of the Prince and his mother fell was born at Monkden, in the province of Ching-king, that she had attained her eleventh year, and that she was extremely beautiful. She belongs to a family that for fifteen years enjoyed the high favor of the late Emperor Tao Kouang. It is stated that the majority of the Emperor Tchoung-Tche will shortly be declared, and that he will then take the direction of affairs.—*Courier Russe.*

The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Monitor has been suppressed by General Shepherd, for violation of General Order No. 31.

Indian Jugglers.

I dare say you have read a long account of the Indian jugglers. A man presents himself with a basket and a little boy. He says you will now see this boy cut up and utterly destroyed. He puts him into the basket, then takes a sword and pierces the basket in every direction. You hear the dreadful cries of the child. The man draws the sword out, covered with gore, and uncovering the basket, no boy is to be seen. This trick perplexed me for a long time. At last a young officer, who had examined very minutely into the affair, told me that the man never would perform this achievement where the ground was hard and compact, only where there is loose sand. On the night previous to the performance, a person is sent to dig the earth and loosen the sand. When the child is brought forward, he begins to work his way into the earth, the juggler performs his tricks, collects his money, and departs. The child remains under ground until nightfall, makes his way from the earth, and joins the man. People will say: "How could a person remain there without air?" But there are some people in India who remain under ground without losing their life. Captain Aspert, of the British army, narrates that, upon one occasion, a fanatic undertook to bury himself for forty days. A place was dug, and the man put into it. The place was watched day and night. After forty days he was taken out more dead than alive. Restoratives were applied, and the man was seen to walk and talk in a very few hours. This feat he was accustomed to perform two or three times a year.

THE SPREADING BUNION.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two:
"While shopping in the town,
Old Mrs. Pry to me remarked—
Smith *bought* his goods of Brown."

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
Who cast her eyelids down:
"I've heard it said, to-day, my friend,
Smith *got* his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
With something of a frown:
"I've heard strange news—what do you think?
Smith *took* his goods from Brown!"

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town:
"I've heard, to-day, such shocking news—
Smith *stole* his goods from Brown!"

Important to Hard-Worked Preachers

The demand for manuscript sermons has of late so vastly increased in England that several people who have no connection whatever with the clergy are kept hard at work. You can either buy them right out, or hire them. A favorite price is a shilling a sermon, which is dirt cheap. Sometimes 500 sermons of "a deceased clergyman" are advertised. The latter are usually specified as adapted for a village congregation. A much quieter plan is to send by post to the vicar a clear, neatly lithographed sermon, with a polite note from the editor, mentioning the price. A third branch of the trade is carried on by means of private circulars and prospectuses distributed in considerable numbers throughout the country. A hundred years ago when Osborne, the bookseller, took Toplady mysteriously to the end of the shop, it was to say to him, "Sir, you will soon be ordained, and have not yet laid in a stock of sermons. I can supply you with as many sets as you please, original and excellent, for a trifle." "Sir," was the answer, "the man who cannot or will not make his own, is unfit for a gown. I would sooner buy ready made clothes." "Don't be offended," said Osborne, "I have sold to many a bishop in my time."

ICEBERGS.—The weather observers, who have attributed the recent rainy season to the presence of icebergs off the coast, have had their theory confirmed by the report of the master of the ship Humboldt. The master of this ship states that on June 2d, in latitude 46 deg. and longitude 48 deg. west of Greenwich, he counted over one hundred icebergs, and saw many ice fields, one being more than a mile square. This region of the sea is more southerly than the most southern point of Newfoundland, and lies about 150 miles to the east.

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.
WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.
For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for this year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A Good Sign.—In these days of quack medicines and humbugs, it is refreshing to find a modest advertisement, like that of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy* for *Asthma*. One of the most severe cases on record, was cured by it, and the sufferer was induced to try it because, as he says, "it didn't pretend to cure everybody and everything."

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.
mar18-eow-tf

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
je27-tf Box 230, Boston, Mass.

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.
☞ Sold everywhere. ap21-6m

A PURELY vegetable ointment. RUSSIA SALVE, by its potency as a remedy for burns, cuts, scalds, bruises, and all the minor accidents to which man is liable, has held a leading rank for more than sixty years—unparalleled by any other preparation. Redding & Co., Boston, Mass. Sold everywhere. By mail, 35 cents.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—How painful and annoying it is to have the lips cracked and chapped, so that one can scarcely open the mouth or smile. A single application of the Ointment makes the skin soft and well.

MULTITUDES of people require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name.—AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition.
je27-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of June, at Bergen, N. J., by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, HENRY C. KERR, of this city, to Miss MARY MORTON, daughter of the late Capt. Geo. W. Howe, of Greenville, N. J.

On the 18th of June, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. JOHN R. MORROW to Miss MARY SHERTZ, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JAMES A. A'BECKET to Miss LAURA V. MIDDLETON, both of this city.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. GEORGE W. LEE to Miss MAGGIE MILLER, both of this city.

On the 14th of June, by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. ADAM SHETZLINE to Miss KATE HULL, both of this city.

On the 18th of June, by the Rev. Dr. Cole, JOHN L. LUTZ to Miss LIZZIE F. ASHWORTH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of June, JOSHUA PANCOAST, in his 58th year.

On the 23d of June, MRS. SARAH J. HUTTON, in her 41st year.

On the 23d of June, JACOB B. COATES, Sr., in his 74th year.

On the 22d of June, SARAH A., wife of Andrew N. Anderson, in her 44th year.

On the 22d of June, Mr. CHRISTIAN KUNTZ, in his 35th year.

On the 21st of June, MRS. KATE, wife of Jacob P. Sander.

On the 21st of June, MORRIS S. PARKER, in his 51st year.

On the 21st of June, THOMAS HATCHER, Sr., in his 73d year.

On the 20th of June, LEWIS DURWOODY, in his 21st year.

WILD ROSES.

I walked in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

I walked alone in the morning,
And who so glad as I,
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high!

But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight—
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

So I kissed the roses and lightly
I breathed of their breath divine.
Time enough when I come back, I said,
To make the sweet roses mine.

I returned in the joyless evening;
I yearned with passion then,
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

For another had taken pleasure
In color and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine;
I never shall find the wild roses,
The roses I thought were mine.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

Open the chamber where affection's voice,
For rare occasions is kept close and fine.
—*Arthur Hallam.*

We are at Nice.

Uncle Clifford has quite recovered his usual health, for he was feeble before the shock he received at our accidental meeting. I sometimes wonder if the rest are not jealous, he clings to me so entirely. He walks up and down the shining beach, leaning on my arm, and we watch the ships that skim along in the glancing sunlight, or look over the blue rippling waters that join a faint chorus with the fragrant murmurous air. Or we sit and rest on a rude rustic bench, talking over the past. He loves to speak of my father. I remember when my swelling child's heart first broke its bonds of thraldom and was filled with love for him. Then he predicts a brilliant future for me.

What do I care for fame now? The great world is shut out. We have a sweet sunny nook by ourselves.

Then I wonder at my former unrest. I think of the days of my pride and waywardness, when I left the Eden of my first love to become a wanderer. Is it blooming yet? What does it matter? I can never enter it again.

By-and-by we no longer walk to the beach, but watch the ships and listen to the fisher's song from our windows. What if there is another ocean nigh at hand, to be crossed by one alone?

Cannot human love make chains strong enough to hold the dear one back? Ah, would it when the close of a long and wearisome pilgrimage is reached.

Every day takes him one wave nearer the haven of rest. The end is coming tranquilly, like a calm autumn season, whose spring shall open in the fields of light. Love is unbound from its chains of passion and selfishness, and grows into the likeness of the divine.

Then a time comes when he lies quiet and helpless. Fond hands minister to him. Now and then I sing some of the old hymns he loves so well, and the peaceful light in the tender eye thanks me with wordless gratitude.

At last we all stand beside him as the sunlight dies out over the far waters, and its last rays fall like an aureole around the marble-hued face. The hand I hold in mine is cold and pulseless. The lips move faintly. I bend over and kiss them softly, and there is a little quiver in the air, a flutter heard but unseen.

We who are left clasp hands with a sudden sense of desolation. He has crossed the swelling flood to go no more out from the presence of the living God.

There was no reason why we should remain abroad after Uncle Clifford's death. Mrs. Dorrance was really anxious to return, and I was quite satisfied with my ramblings.

"Alice is to be married," she said to me one day as we were making our arrangements. "She postponed it for the sake of accompanying Uncle Clifford, but her lover has grown impatient. I have a large house in New York, and shall be most glad to receive you there. We should be as sisters; and I have promised to do all in my power to make you happy."

I knew to whom her promise had been given.

"You are very kind," I said from my full heart.

"Let us try it then. You shall be free to visit friends, but that will be your home."

When Alice heard the decision she was delighted.

"You see we mean to enforce our claim," she said, with a smile.

It was August when we reached New York. Everything appeared strange and unreal to me. And being called Miss Clifford, as that was one of the terms of my uncle's will, keeps me in continual doubt of my own indentity.

As soon as the house could be put in order, Alice was quietly married. For the present her home was to be with her husband's mother. Then I made Anne a visit, and all the incidents since my departure had to be rehearsed, though I had written them in the order of their coming.

"And this Cousin Gerald? I heard you had married him abroad."

"What an absurd story," I exclaimed.

"I don't see any absurdity about it."

"It's very improbability renders it so."

"Is it so utterly impossible? You are not really own cousins, you know—if that is a scruple."

"We are very good friends, and can never be anything more. Gerald has an ideal as unlike me as you can well imagine."

"Young men change their ideals," and she laughed.

"Well, I could never *love* him; and there you have all the truth."

"How odd you are," was her simple reply.

Another baby had been added to the household, and two of Anne's sisters were married. They were still prosperous and happy. She made me describe Walter again and again, and was delighted with his prospects.

After all it was nearly Christmas before we became settled. I had two elegant rooms, and was left at liberty to do quite as I liked. Mrs. Dorrance was generally busy with her children during the morning, and I read or wrote as the whim dictated; and after lunch we drove out, did shopping and made a few calls, or stayed at home to receive them. Gerald was in nearly every evening.

I ought to have been entirely satisfied with this life. I was an heiress again, with an assured position. I had moreover established my claim to the world's favor, and needed not to seek but was sought. I could have re-entered society immediately; indeed Mrs. Dorrance wished to afford me every advantage in her power, though since her husband's death she had lived in a very retired manner.

I had also resumed my friendship with the Westervelts. Philip and Ellen were little changed, except the peculiar change that occurs to most married people whose hearts are strongly centred in their homes. Two children had been born to them; and Ellen seemed to have small interest beyond her domestic cares and pleasures. I do not mean that she had grown narrow or indifferent to the welfare of others; she was too thoroughly noble for that; and yet someway we seemed to have drifted apart. Was I growing cold and self-absorbed, I asked myself.

But one day an incident brought me quite back to the old life. The servant announced that a lady wished to see me in the drawing-room, and gave me a card. To my surprise I read the name of Mrs. Varick.

I went down immediately—and had scarcely entered the door when Laura's light laugh greeted me, she was thinner than in her girlhood's days, and with a certain fashionable affectation.

"My dear creature," she exclaimed, "I have been dying to see you for the last three months, and martyred myself by attending literary parties that were perfect bores, just in the hope of meeting you. At last I've had the courage to come."

"Then you have not forgotten me?" I said, amused.

"It always was my style to pay court to rising stars, you remember. I am as honest as ever; and you know that I liked you, odd as you were. Why, you've hardly changed a bit. I've faded frightfully, but it is rather a comfort to Mr. Varick to have me grow old. And so you're famous, and have another fortune, and are to marry very nicely after all. I've heard quite a romance about you."

"The marrying is pure romance," I said.

"Nonsense—don't be modest. There are numbers of aspiring belles who would take Gerald Clifford, and say thank you in their secret hearts, though it might not be proper to express gratitude aloud. I fancied that was the reason you secluded yourself in order to have time to attend to bride clothes."

"There is no truth in your surmise and it offends me," I said shortly.

"My dear, you haven't improved in temper, and the story came to me in that fashion, so I'm not to blame."

Her face was so altogether good natured that I smiled, and then we both laughed outright. She reached over and clasped my hand.

"Dear old Sydnie," she said, "I'm not sure but you're the one true thing in this world of shams, but you are a mystery to me. Have you actually foresworn matrimony? Do you take your tea clear and keep a discreet tabby? If you knew how I had longed to see you, you would certainly be real gracious. Don't you care a bit for me?"

There was something irresistible in this last sentence. I believe she really had a true regard for me.

"Come," she went on presently, "tell me all about yourself. I heard you had lost your fortune, and gone off to teach. I never *could* understand why you didn't marry Mr. St. John. And I never suspected your being a genius at all; but I suppose that accounts for your dissimilarity to common mortals. I was so glad when I heard you were a rich woman once more. I want you to believe this."

I could not doubt the sincerity of her tone. We talked for a long while, and I went briefly over some of the most important events that had occurred since our separation. To her the world had been all smiles.

"We have one little boy to heir the estate," she went on with a gay laugh, "and I confess I've had a most delightful time thus far. The longer I live, the more I see the propriety of people being perfectly suited, and I have the very things I enjoy so much. To have dropped into almost any other groove would have made me miserable, bad tempered, jealous, and all that. My graces thrive best in prosperity. But my dear, I have gossiped unconscionably. And now I want to ask a favor. Don't deny me!"

"That depends—"

"It's to come to a quiet little dinner party. I know half a dozen very admirable people who are dying to meet you; and I don't see the slightest necessity for your making a hermit of yourself. Why you're quite a young women yet; it is not worthwhile to fall into the ranks of the grandmothers."

"I am still in mourning," I said, "which isn't party like."

"I'll promise to have all things appropriate. I cannot possibly give you up."

She actually persuaded me at last to appoint an evening that would suit my pleasure.

"And I'll ask Mr. Clifford, so that you shall have an attendant of your own. If you will come to call on me to-morrow, I'll send the carriage for you. I want you to see my house; and we haven't but just looked at each other. Come to lunch. My dear, there isn't the slightest use of trying to resist me."

I confess some indefinable charm surrounded Laura—a power that enabled her to sway others in a singular manner. I yielded to the charm.

I went to lunch, and really had a delightful time. Laura's house was elegance itself. She has much shrewd, good taste, that stands her instead of the higher artistic quality. Her pictures were valuable and well chosen, her statuary rarely beautiful, and the rooms had the sumptuous air of a palace. She queens it royally. After all, she is in the right place, and has proved the best judge of her own capabilities. Mr. Varick looks ten years younger than when we first saw him at Newport. His little son is a perfect idol, a fine, healthy child.

Laura made her arrangements for the dinner with great delight. She mentioned several persons whom I knew it would be a pleasure to meet. Artists, writers, and men in high positions—every desirable man or woman appeared within her reach. I began to kindle with interest.

"What a handsome woman you are!" she exclaimed with sudden vehemence. "If I were you, I would have half the world at my feet."

I smiled a little. The admiration was certainly honest.

Mrs. Dorrance and Gerald were gratified that I had accepted the invitation. But afterward he lapsed into a reverie quite unusual for him.

"Are you tired?" I asked presently.

"No. Am I stupid, and is that a hint for me to go home?"

"Why, no," I said in surprise.

He took several turns up and down the room, then he came and glanced into my face.

"Sydnie, do you believe in love at all?"

"What a question!" and I started, coloring violently. Were the surmises of others correct, and had I alone been blind?

"Yes, it is odd, but don't we talk of everything? Sometimes I am afraid I bore you. I never had Bertha for a confidant, she was married when I was so young, and Alice went away just as she was growing companionable. But there's some peculiar quality in you that wins a person to talk of himself. You always seem to understand at a word."

"So you want me to commence a dissertation upon love, do you?" I asked gayly.

"No, only I was wondering if you had ever felt that which you describe so perfectly, so pathetically. It always seems such a strange, awesome thing to me, for there is a great deal of unhappy love in the world, and who can tell whether he is one of the few elect who are to be blest?"

"This is a new mood for you," I said, bringing him back to commonplace.

"Yes," with a nervous laugh. "But I'll say good-night before I mystify you with my vagaries."

He kissed me as he went. It was a kind of family familiarity, but I did not observe that it meant any more on this night than it had for the past ten months. Still, I was filled with a vague fear. Gerald had a tender, manly heart, capable of great happiness and much suffering, and I wanted the former, not the latter, to be his portion.

I did not see him again until the day before the dinner, when he was very urgent that nothing should keep me at home.

"You may be sure that I shall not disappoint Mrs. Varick, when she has asked her guests expressly on my account," I said.

I received a little note from her also, in which she begged me not to disappoint her, as she had a surprise in store for me.

So altogether I was rather curious. I arranged my hair and dress in a state of mind quite new to me. Not exactly expectancy or fear, or distrust, but as if I were coming to some event that would change the current of my life again. My black silk dress did not admit of much ornamentation, but it was rich and heavy. How I recalled the old times, so long ago it seemed.

At last we started. Gerald was one of those tender, gentlemanly men about whose attentions cling an exquisite grace. Birth and breeding had both been his.

I was not dazzled or overcome by the company assembled. After the introductions, I felt myself quite at ease. We waited in the drawing room for a few stragglers. Presently there was a stir. Gerald turned, and a sudden flush of color overspread his face. Two fairies, I should have said at the first glance, and then one wore a strangely familiar smile.

"My dear Miss Adriance!"

Mrs. Lawrence, as perfect in her grace and beauty as when I left Laurelwood, nearly five years before. The room swam before my eyes for a moment.

"I came expressly to meet you," she said, scarcely above a whisper, in her silvery voice. "You can never imagine how I have wanted to see you."

I could not doubt her sincerity, and felt convicted of something like ingratitude. Or was it that my new position won her favor as well?

"My niece, Miss Carme," she said a moment after, making way for the tiny sprite beside her.

A lovely, shy girl, with great soft eyes like a gazelle's. A vision that one rarely beholds embodied in human form. For it was not merely beauty of feature, but form and coloring and perfect grace. I almost held my breath.

"So Mr. St. John has not arrived?" Mrs. Varick said.

I had hardly thought of him in my bewilderment.

"No," in her sweet, gracious way that I remembered so well. "It is barely possible that he may reach the city this evening. I left a note for him."

Was I pleased or not? I tried to decide as I sat listening to the talking, using the strongest exertion *not* to answer at random. Every thing about me appeared unreal, at times the blaze of light grew faint, and the voices sounded a long way off. Why, what a weak, silly woman I was! What if *he* did come!

I did not want to see him. Every nerve quivered at the thought of the interview. How could I endure it!

Yet Mrs. Varick's dinner party was a success. Under other circumstances I should have enjoyed it wonderfully. I could not help being pleased as it was. To be appreciated in such a genial, delicate fashion, to know that I could still attract and interest, was indeed gratifying. And there was just the company to be mutually entertaining. Art and literature were discussed without pedantry. Most of those assembled had travelled, and visited the rich galleries of the old world. In spite of the dull pain at my heart, my spirits rose. I knew that my cheeks warmed and my eyes grew luminous.

Some time after we had returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Lawrence and I floated together again. She was all ease and grace as usual.

"How very little you have changed," she said. "I have so often wondered if I should ever see you again, and I feel now as if I could scold you heartily for keeping away from Laurelwood. Do you not know that we should have been most glad to see you?"

She might, but Mr. St. John?

"Stuart will be so surprised. We came to New York without him, as he had some pressing business on hand. Elsie is so extravagantly fond of operas, and he didn't want her to miss one of the season."

"Your niece?" I said inquiringly.

"Yes. Mr. Lawrence's sister married a Spaniard, you know. Elsie was her only child, and after her death Mr. Carme married a second time. Stuart grew wonderfully interested in this child when he was in Cuba, and upon a second visit some eighteen months ago, brought her home. She is the most charming little being you can imagine. I love her as if she were my own."

A sharp pang went to my heart. After all, why should it matter to me what course Mr. St. John's interest took? And yet, all the old days rushed back, times when his approval and smile had been so much to me.

She chatted on. I had become a successful authoress, which did not at all surprise her, she had always fancied me peculiar. And I had really found some relatives—Mrs. Varick had been relating the singular circumstances. Some friends of Laura's were boarding at the same hotel with them, and the meeting of a few days before had been purely accidental. Mrs. Lawrence had asked if there were any tidings of me, and Laura had mentioned the fact of her call and the intended dinner party.

I felt easier when I heard this, though I found it would be impossible to avoid them now. I must summon all my courage. And I confess that after I had talked with Miss Carme a strange desire took possession of me to know more of her. How extraordinary lovely and fascinating she was! Gerald was as deeply interested in her as I; his face beamed with intense satisfaction.

The evening passed rapidly and pleasantly. Mr. St. John's arrival had been given up by his sister, and my nervous apprehension was over. In a room at the end of the hall some of the younger members of the party had been waltzing. I watched Gerald and Miss Carme until my brain was in a maze. Indeed, they attracted nearly every one's attention by the bewildering grace of their movements. Was Gerald absolutely fascinated? I had never seen such a light in his eyes.

Some impulse drew me away. It was too fateful to linger over. I turned and walked through the cool hall, and had just reached the staircase when I paused, spell bound. Mr. St. John stood before me.

"Does the feud last a life time?" he said with his peculiar smile. "Have I offended you so deeply that you will not even speak, or shake hands?"

I reached mine towards him, but it was cold and trembling.

"I confess this meeting is altogether unexpected," he continued with a touch of embarrassment. "You have seen my sister?"

She came at that moment, and then the hall seemed suddenly to fill. Mrs. Varick pressed forward, and there was a sound of welcome. I mingled with the throng, but I heard no voice save his. He was explaining the detention of a train, then he and Mrs. Varick had a little badinage.

"Here is an old friend by a new name," she said as soon as she reached my vicinity. "Miss Clifford."

He looked sharply at me. "I don't know that I ever remember a name changed in that manner," he said pointedly.

"Changed for a fortune, instead of love," Mrs. Varick answered gayly.

Had he heard the absurd rumor, too? Well, he would soon know, for I had told Mrs. Lawrence the particulars of the strange story.

"Oh, you have come?" Miss Carme exclaimed, her eyes absolutely bewildering in their radiant light, and her face flushed with warmth and excitement.

"Yes, at the eleventh hour. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Oh, so much. And I've been waltzing while the rest talked."

Such a light, musical laugh! I thought I had never heard anything so tenderly beguiling in all my life.

He gave her a fond glance, so quick that none beside us saw it. But her eyes replied, and perhaps my heart.

I looked around for Gerald, and proposed returning home. I fancied he would rather have stayed, but he assented. Then I was besieged for calls and promises of various kinds, and the regrets expressed were extremely flattering, to say the least.

I remember finding my way up the stairs to the dressing room in a strange, absent manner, as if my soul had gone out of me. Then adieus were said, and Gerald handed me into the carriage. We scarcely spoke during our homeward drive, and if I had not been so absorbed in my own reflections, I must have noticed his reticence.

At last I laid my throbbing head on my pillow. All my hardest lessons to learn over again. Oh God! would I, could I ever forget?

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Therefore disturbing dreams,
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine,
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart and will not let me rest."

After that night I was in a whirl of society. I had preserved a tolerable seclusion before, but now I found myself invaded at every point. It was gratifying to be thus sought by people whose regard was worth cultivating; indeed, whose attention was the finest compliment that could be paid me. And someway I took up my old friendship with Mrs. Lawrence. Her charming niece was a perfect marvel to me.

Between her and Mr. St. John there existed a very peculiar attachment. She was frank and guileless as a child, with a nature as sweet as an opening rose. She always reminded me of flowers. He was to her the very prince of men, and she offered him an unconscious adoration with every look. In time it might come to mean love, but at present her heart was like an untroubled sea. She took a strange fancy to me that I did not at all understand at first. Gerald thought her quite beyond ordinary creations. Mrs. Lawrence was delighted with the attention she attracted.

I began to fancy after a little, that Mr. St. John shunned me in some inexplicable manner. He called occasionally with his sister, but never alone. When we met elsewhere, although he paid me a courtly deference, we seemed leagues and leagues apart. He had forgotten those old passages then? It was my sorest punishment that I should still remember.

My fear concerning Gerald proved incorrect. It soon became understood that we were not to be married, to my great relief, though Mrs. Lawrence insinuated that I was about to miss another very good opportunity. She admired the young man exceedingly; and he was a most devoted cavalier to the two ladies. One evening I rallied him a trifle upon it.

A strange, sweet seriousness overspread his face.

"Shall I come to confession?" he asked, in a low voice. "My dear friend, have I kept my secret so well?"

"You love Miss Carme," I exclaimed, startled by the sudden fact.

"I love her. My sweet, darling Elsie. Sydnie, I seem in a new world. From the first hour I saw her face, my heart has been hers."

"The evening at Mrs. Varick's?"

"No, before that. Do you remember an evening more than a month ago that we just mentioned the subject of love, and I asked you how much you believed of its wondrous power? A few hours previous, while sauntering through the Academy, I came upon those two women, mother and daughter I thought them then. I heard the soft, beguiling tones of her voice, and her sweet laugh, so like a fairy echo. The loveliest picture there was that young girl. I sat entranced. It seemed as if my very soul went out of me; and when they were gone I wandered about like one blind. Then I said—'I will haunt every place until I see her again, and I shall never rest satisfied until she is mine.' By one of those odd freaks of fate I learned who they were; and moreover, that they would be at Mrs. Varick's. Do you wonder that I was wild to go?"

He had uttered all this in a rapid breath; now he made a long pause. I understood the peculiar attraction she had possessed for him that evening.

"You have not spoken?" I inquired, hesitatingly.

"I have not spoken. It has been so sweet to linger upon the brink of fate—but I think she loves me."

"Oh, Gerald," I said, "you have my most earnest wishes for your success."

"They are going to Laurelwood soon. My precious darling—how can I endure existence without her?"

He paced the room softly. There was a sacredness in the simple story of this fervent passion that awed me. And then I thought how, sooner or later, love carried all souls captive, those at least who were not born blind and dumb. Yet I remembered one who stood alone. Had he ever known any pang, any divine thrill?

Now that Gerald had opened his soul there was no reserve. We had been such perfect friends that he was sure of not being misunderstood. I could not but choose to listen to the sweet confession, and I knew no reason why I should not hope with him.

For the next fortnight I saw a good deal of Elsie. Mr. St. John had gone to Laurelwood to make some spring arrangements, and Mrs. Lawrence depended upon Gerald for an escort. How could she have been so blind.

I called one morning to accompany her to an artist's studio where she was having her portrait painted. Mrs. Lawrence came down to receive me.

"Elsie is ill," she exclaimed with much concern. "She was very feverish and restless all night, and her head aches severely this morning. I wanted to have a physician, but she would not listen to it, and declares she will be better presently. I'm so sorry Stuart is away. If anything should happen to her—"

It was the first time I had ever seen tears in the lovely eyes of Mrs. Lawrence, and they moved me indescribably.

"A sudden cold," I said, trying to encourage her. "Doubtless she will recover in a few days."

"I hope so. She was out driving yesterday, and may have been a little careless, but I never knew her to act in this manner. She is usually so sweet and gentle; now she will not have the slightest thing done for her."

I thought of Gerald's alarm when he should hear these tidings, and was quite disappointed that he did not call during the day or evening.

I sent to inquire after Elsie on the following morning. She had improved somewhat, but was not able to leave her room.

Gerald's continued absence filled me with a strange foreboding. Even Mrs. Dorrance spoke of it. I sent a note to learn the cause, and to my satisfaction he answered in person, by coming to lunch.

"Gerald, you have been ill!" Mrs. Dorrance exclaimed as he entered the room.

He did look unlike the bright handsome man we were used to seeing. Yet I kept silence, for I knew it had another than a physical cause.

"Balls and parties and dissipations have proved too much for me, Bertha," he said with an attempt at gayety. "I think of going to some quiet country place to recruit."

She looked grave, and presently said—

"I hope your fortune will not prove a bane instead of a blessing."

"Nonsense! Bertha," he replied sharply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you are ugly, we know.

If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, you've flattered yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave.

If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a tyrant or scold,
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould.

If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself "Nobody" quick as you can.

☞ Figaro tells of a gay young American belle, whose name Napoleon asked on the occasion of her presentation at court. "Helen," she replied. "I could wish, mademoiselle, that I were Paris," gallantly returned the sovereign. "Impossible, sire, since you are France!" said she, with ready wit.

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[Isabella, Infanta of Parma and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy: she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.]

Midst the palace-bowers of Hungary—imperial Presburg's pride,
With the noble-born and beautiful assembled at her side,
She stood beneath the summer-heaven—the soft winds sighing on,
Stirring the green and arching boughs, like dancers in the sun.
The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy orange bloom:
The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose's meek perfume;
The willow—crossing with its green some statue's golden hair—
All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light the soul, was there.

But she—a monarch's treasured one—leaned gloomily apart,
With her dark eye cast down and a shadow on her heart,
Young, beautiful, and dearly-loved, what sorrow hath she known?
Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her own?
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or bower?
The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet hour?
Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Danube's tide?
And wherefore, in her princely home, weeps Isabel, his bride?

She raised her jeweled hand and flung her veiling tresses back,
Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy black—
A tear fell on the orange leaves—rich gem and mimic blossom,
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing bosom;
"Smile on, smile on," she murmured low, "for all is joy around,"
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs, and blossomed ground,
'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when nature's brow is fair,
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the air.

"But ask me not to share with you the beauty of the scene—
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tesselated green;
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun;
I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath done—
The hills, the sky, the sunlit cloud, the fountain leaping forth,
The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark green robes of earth—
I love them still; yet I have learned to turn aside from all,
And nevermore my heart must own their sweet but fatal thrall!

"And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,
And closer to my bursting heart his hallowed image wear;
And I could watch our sweet young flower, unfolding day by day,
And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers only, may;
But no! I may not cling to earth—that voice is in my ear,
That shadow lingers by my side—the death-wail and the bier,
The cold and starless night of death, whose day may never beam,
The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which hath no dream.

"Oh, God! to leave this fair bright world, and more than all to know
The moment when the spectral One shall deal his fearful blow!
To know the day, the very hour! to feel the tide roll on;
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the sunshine gone!
To count the days, the few short days of light and life and breath—
Between me and the noisome grave—the voiceless home of death.
Alas! if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my doom,
Let not Thy frowning, oh, my God! lend darkness to the tomb.

"Oh! I have borne my spirits up; and smiled amid the chill
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers with me still;
I would not cloud my fair child's brow, nor let a tear-drop dim
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should sadden him.
But there are moments when the gush of feeling hath its way;
That hidden tide of unnamed woe, nor fear, nor love may stay,
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of joy is high;
Smile on, and leave the doomed of Heaven alone to weep and die."

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy pile;
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the aisle;
The banners of a kingly race waved high above the dead:
A mighty band of mourners came—a king was at its head;
A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim and tearful eye,
He had not dreamed that one so pure as his fair bride could die;
And sad and wild above the throng the funeral anthem rung;
"Mourn for the hope of Austria, mourn for the loved and young."

The wail went up from other lands—the valleys of the Hun;
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of vine and sun;
The lilies of Imperial France drooped as the sound went by,
The long lament of cloistered Spain was mingled with the cry,
The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slowak in his cave,
The bowed at the Escurial, the Magyar sternly brave—
All wept the early stricken flower, and burnt from every tongue:
"Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel—mourn for the loved and young."

THE BROKEN TROTH.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"Wanted; as companion and finishing governess for a young lady, a person who is thoroughly competent to teach German and Italian, and the harp. Salary, £100 a year. Address Q. S. L., Post-office, Risdon; —shire."

I wanted a situation, and believed myself to be "thoroughly competent" to impart the accomplishments specified in the above advertisement. I read it in the first edition of the "Times" one Monday morning about two o'clock, as I sat eating my luncheon in the dusky back-ground of that most convenient haunt for self-helping and other unprotected ladies, the confectioner's at the corner where Oxford and Regent streets cross each other. I had been all the morning drawing from the life in a well-known studio in Newman street—one of a miscellaneous group who were pursuing art, more or less industriously, for more or less disinterested reasons.

My own pursuit of art I may as well acknowledge at once, was not very earnest. I was "doing a little in oils" I always said at home when I was questioned as to my progress, and I had the satisfaction of looking down upon my sisters as I said it. They only blended colors and portrayed form in Berlin wool on canvas.

The truth is, that home life to the majority of young women of my status in society, is a very dull thing. My father is a medical man, practising at Brompton, making a good income, living in very good style, and withal educating his children thoroughly well. My two brothers are University men, and were intended for the learned professions, and my two sisters and myself, after being well grounded by a clergyman in England, had been given four years abroad—two in Germany and two in a French convent near Paris.

We all had "resources within ourselves," as the conventional phrase has it. That is to say, culture had taught us to appreciate good literature, nature had given us great musical talent which careful scientific instruction had developed well, and we were all adepts in the art of so arranging our household gods as to put them in a fair light before other people. Still, I the eldest and most restless-natured of the three, felt that I needed something more to make life full enough for me. I wanted to do something with the time that remained over and above to me, when I had read and played and visited till I was tired.

I had been a student at the *atelier* in Newman street about five months when this advertisement which I have copied came upon me like a revelation. In an instant I resolved to follow the path it pointed out. I would be that governess-companion, and utilize my knowledge of German and Italian, and the harp. I had often wished to get out of London. Now, the opportunity was given me, and I would go.

I was in a small flush of excitement when I determined on this. Delays are dangerous. I would write at once. I would not wait to go home and discuss my project in family council. So I paid for my luncheon, bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and sat down again in the midst of that army of educational martyrs who congregate at this shop, to write an application for the situation advertised.

It has never been in my nature to vascillate—to put my hand to the plough, and then draw back because the ground to be traversed is rough or dangerous. As soon as I had penned my application, I felt that I was bound in honor to myself to stand the consequences of it. If they would have me, I was pledged to go—although my letter was not posted yet.

I need scarcely say that, as it was an entirely unlooked-for scheme, so was it entirely disapproved of by all the members of my own family. My father said that he liked to have all his girls about him of an evening. My mother added that "Life was full of temptations to young people, especially young women, and she should never know a happy moment while I was away with these strangers." And my sisters half envied and half blamed me for going away from the monotonous routine that could, in their estimation, be interrupted with propriety only by marriage.

However, to cut a long story short, I adhered to my plan, and when the advertiser wrote to me to accept my offer of service, I proceeded to carry out that plan without delay by starting off at once to the Risdon railway station, where a carriage was to meet and carry me to my new home.

My father and mother both saw me safely to the Great Western terminus, and bade me farewell with a few tears and a great many prognostications of my finding things at Wearham Chase duller than I should be able to endure. "If you do, you'll think of what I have always said, that home is the proper place for young girls," my mother said, kissing me. "If you do, you'll know where to come," my father continued, following her example. And I laughed happily and told them, "Let what would happen, I would stand it for a year." Then we parted, and for an hour or two I indulged myself unrestrainedly in a fit of natural depression. But at mid-distance my youth and the elasticity of my temperament triumphed, together with the conviction I had that I was doing the right thing in endeavoring to help myself.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the train stopped, and I heard the guard shout out "Risdon!" In a few minutes I and my luggage were planted on the platform, the train was whirling on, and a servant in a plain gray livery was asking me if I "was Miss Archer." My response in the affirmative was corroborated by the tickets on my trunk; so, directing a porter to shoulder the latter, this servant respectfully showed me the way out from the station to the road, where a handsome carriage and a pair of bay horses were awaiting me.

"How far is it to Wearham Chase?" I asked, as I took my seat, and the man replied, "Six miles." "It must be in the heart of the country, indeed," I thought. To be six miles from a railway station was a more delightfully secluded fate than I had ever hoped would be mine. And in such a lovely land as this appeared to be, with its wealth of verdure and water, of hill and valley. It was a fate to rejoice in, and I rejoiced accordingly.

I have reason to know that six good English miles do lie between Risdon station and Wearham Chase. But on the occasion of my first travelling over the road, the magical influence of the fresh, beautiful country was over me so strongly, that we seemed to be upon the grounds of the Chase as soon as we were clear of the environs of the railway station. We entered the grounds through a sufficiently imposing gateway that was placed at the angle of two roads. There was a well-kept piece of turf outside the gates—a piece of turf that gave wayfarers a hint as to the nature of the land within. One portion of it was shaded by a fine willow, the others were studded with a white-thorn, an auraucaria, and a shapely, glossy-leafed holly. I had barely time to take in the promise these shrubs gave of greenness in winter, before the gates, or doors, rather, for they were of solid wood, swung open, and we rolled into an avenue that wound along for a mile, at least, under the shade of fine old elms.

Long before this time, intense curiosity as to the people with whom I had come to sojourn for a year claimed me for its own. I must confess to having been possessed with a raging impatience to see them and the house. I kept on putting my head out, first at one window, then at the other, wearily, lest I should be detected in the undignified act. At length, the trees ceased to overshadow the drive, which wound round in a grand sweep to the front of a large, lofty, many-windowed mansion of red bricks—the sort of house that old English gentlemen who had a fine estate did build for themselves in the golden days of good Queen Anne.

A clock that was placed in the wall above the entrance-door struck six as I got out of the carriage and passed into the hall, where I was met by a lady whom I at once put down in my own mind as the housekeeper. She was an old, quiet, gentle-faced lady, in dark gray silk, with a massive gold *chatelain* hanging at her side, from which depended a few keys, in token of her calling. She gave me a grave yet gracious welcome, took me up to a beautifully-furnished bedroom, and promised to send a servant to help me to prepare for the seven o'clock dinner, for which the family were already dressing. When she had done this, she walked, with a hesitating step, to the door, but came back directly to the couch on which I had seated myself, to say, "You look almost as young as your pupil, Miss Archer; it will be a pleasant surprise to her to see you what you are."

"Why?" I asked, laughing; and then added, "please tell me your name; I ought not to remain ignorant of the name of my first friend at Wearham Chase."

"I am Mrs. Digby, the housekeeper," she replied; and then she went on to tell me that she had lived at Wearham Chase in her present capacity for the last ten years only, but that she had known the family all her life, her father having been their solicitor, and her husband land agent to the late Mr. Hazelwood, the present proprietor's brother.

"And is Miss Hazelwood—my pupil that is to be—their only daughter?" I asked.

"Your pupil is not a Miss Hazelwood; she is not their daughter, but my mistress's niece," Mrs. Digby said. "She is a Miss Verney; but she's made quite as much of by master and every one else as if she was a child of the house. If she guessed what you were like she would have been to see you before this," the housekeeper continued, laughing; "but she's very high-spirited, and the plan of having a governess didn't please her."

"Who planned it, then?" *I asked.*

"*Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood thought it best* that Miss Verney should have full occupation for a year," Mrs. Digby said, gravely, and I repeated after her—

"For a year! why that is just as long as I hope to stay here; our plans seem to agree wonderfully well." Then I made greater haste than I had used to dress, without paying any attention to the look of surprised horror with which the excellent retainer of the house of Hazelwood regarded the stranger who made such daringly light mention of the arrangements of that high and mighty race.

I was only just dressed when the dinner bell rang. Mrs. Hazelwood was "waiting for me in the drawing-room," I heard. So, ushered by Mrs. Digby, to the drawing-room I went. A tall, fair, pale woman, with an exceedingly graceful figure and manner, rose and advanced courteously to make me welcome, as Mrs. Digby mentioned my name. She held out her hand to me, said a few kind words, by which she made me understand that she was both glad to see me and glad to see what I was, and then rang the bell, and desired that Miss Verney should be asked to come to us at once.

When the door closed behind the servant who went on this mission, Mrs. Hazelwood turned to me again, and said, hurriedly:

"Miss Archer, before I even introduce my niece and you to each other, let me bespeak your interest in her, and forbearance toward her. She is not much younger than you are. She has been petted, prized, and indulged all her life. She is peculiarly situated; she has been most severely tried. These circumstances combined, have rendered her less patient and considerate than we could desire to see her. Be kind to her," she continued, hurriedly, as the door opened, and a young lady came hastily into the room.

As she came swiftly across the floor toward the chair in which Mrs. Hazelwood had seated herself abruptly when the door opened, I had time to see that she was a beautiful, graceful young creature. Her face had the delicate oval, and the exquisite, straight, chiselled nose of a Greek statue. Her bright golden hair was drawn back from her forehead under black velvet fillets, and raised up high behind, in an enormous *chignon*. The proportions of her splendid figure were well displayed in a full, long dress of soft white llama. She was both a statuesque and a fashionable-looking beauty; and I began to wonder what I was to teach this belle, who was a woman grown.

"I heard that you wanted me, Aunt Emily," she began, without so much as glancing toward me; "what is it?"

Her voice was young and fresh, rich and full, but there was a jarring chord somewhere. It did not sound contented.

"I want to introduce you to Miss Archer, dear Isabel," Mrs. Hazelwood replied; and I fancied that I detected a conciliatory strain in the elder lady's tone as she addressed the younger one. Miss Verney turned slightly toward me, and made a cold, but perfectly graceful inclination of the head. She was evidently disposed to regard me as an interloper, an inferior, and a nuisance generally; and I had not the slightest intention of being so regarded by her.

"You did not expect to find Miss Archer what she is, did you?" Mrs. Hazelwood asked, cheerfully.

"No; I did not," the girl answered slowly, scrutinizing my countenance closely the while.

"And I did not expect to find you what you are, when I so hastily answered the advertisement, or I should not have had the presumption to do so," I said, laughing. And then her beautiful mouth dimpled at the corners, the lips parted, her little white teeth glittered, and her whole face was transformed by a smile.

"I can only hope that neither governess nor pupil are disagreeably surprised," Mrs. Hazelwood said, with a relieved air. Then, as the servant threw open the door, the mistress of the house added, "Your uncle will not be home to-night, Isabel; we dine alone."

Before dinner was over, I had become interested in both my companions. The elder lady was very kind to me—not in the oppressively kind, largely superior manner which is conventionally ascribed to ladies in some three-volume records of governesses' woes, but kind in a way that made me feel glad that I had obeyed my impulse, and answered her advertisement. The young lady appealed to me still more strongly. She was charming, cultivated, fascinating. But every now and then there crept into her manner, and into her face, some of that same discontent which I had observed in her voice when she first spoke on entering the drawing-room. This shade of dissatisfaction deepened when dinner was over, and we had gone back to the drawing-room. For a time she talked to me—of my life in Germany, of my home life; of the dullness of this country life of hers, surrounded as it was with beauties; of new books and new operas, and new music generally. She talked gayly enough of all these things for a time.

But only for a short time. Before the lamp was lighted, while the window was still open to admit the soft twilight and the softer summer air, her mood changed, and she grew so silent and sad that I found myself watching her white, thoughtful face with pity. Her aunt saw me doing this, I think, for she said, quickly,

"Sing me something, Miss Archer, to the harp, will you? it will be such a treat for me to hear the harp again."

I went over to the harp and tried it. It was in perfect order, and I asked—

"Who keeps it in tune, Mrs. Hazelwood? Harp-strings will not bear neglect; I should have thought this was well attended to."

"Because I have had a tune on it to-day," Mrs. Hazelwood replied. "It is Isabel's instrument; but she gave it up after a few lessons."

"Why did you do that?" I asked, as I sat down, and drew the harp toward me. She was lounging gracefully on a couch near me, and as she turned her face to me to give her answer, I saw that the sadness had vanished, and that her face was dimpled with smiles.

"Because—because it bored me, as most other things did about that same time. I was sick and weary of the world and all in it; and as I couldn't 'sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving,' I wouldn't sing at all."

"Isabel!" her aunt said, reproachfully; shocked at the light manner in which Miss Isabel had made her quotation. I thought that the best thing I could do would be to sing, and so stop the conversation. Accordingly, I commenced, and had the satisfaction of feeling, when my song was half over, that half my audience had wearied of it. Miss Verney had sauntered out through the open window on the terrace.

"*Miss Archer*," Mrs. Hazlewood said, in a low tone, as soon as my strain was over, "I do hope that my niece will repose confidence in you. I am sure that it will do her good. Try to win her to do it."

"I will try, if you wish me to do so," I replied.

"And you will succeed if you try. I feel sure of that. We do love her so dearly," the lady went on, energetically, "and we have been so unhappy about her unhappiness, so fearful that we may not have done everything for the best!"

"What are you saying, Aunt Emily?" Miss Vernor asked, suddenly stepping back into the room. "Don't waste your time in here any longer. Come out and look along the beech-tree avenue; it looks grand to-night."

It did look grand that night; that double row of beeches on either side of a luxuriantly fern-bordered broad grass walk. It led away from an old disused terrace at some short distance from the house—a terrace, the mere contemplation of which brought back hoop and farthingale; talk about Addison, Steele, "Old Sarah," the arrogant pretensions of the great Dutch hero, and other topics that were current when that old terrace was new.

Along in front of it a low castellated wall ran, and at intervals along this wall marble vases, stiff, but shapely in form, were placed. Many of them were mutilated, but in spite of being thus defaced, they were fair objects in the warm moonlight of that glorious July night.

"The beech-tree avenue is the glory of Wearham Chase," Miss Verney said, when we had stood looking into its depths from the end of the terrace for some time. "As you are a stranger, seeing it for the first time, you ought to know the position it takes among avenues. It is quite in the front ranks of the noble army of avenues. I hope you are impressed with it, Miss Archer."

The young lady spoke with a little laughing air of scorn of that which she was extolling in words. I observed this, and at the same time observed that her manner pained her aunt. So I answered her as though she had spoken in honest earnest, and said—

"This beech-tree avenue might be the glory of a king's park. I am impressed with it; but words must always be inadequate to convey such impressions from one to another."

Miss Verney shrugged her shoulders.

"What a pity Uncle James is not here to hear Miss Archer," she said, turning to Mrs. Hazelwood. Then she clasped her light scarf around her closely, and said, hurriedly: "Well, I'm getting very cold, but I won't insist on your feeling a chill. Good-night, dear Aunt Emily; good-night, Miss Archer. You will find me your most obedient pupil to-morrow, but to-night I claim the liberty of the subject, and shall go off to bed now at once."

She was gone from us almost before I had time to say "good-night," and we were left alone on the steps at the end of the terrace looking along the beech-tree avenue in embarrassed silence. Presently, after the lapse of a minute or two, Mrs. Hazelwood spoke.

"Miss Archer," she said, energetically, "do strive to win Isabel's confidence; do not be discouraged by what you have seen of her to-night; I had high hopes, great expectations of possible good, when I advertised for an intelligent and cultivated companion for her. I think you will more than realize them. God grant you patience."

"Can the young lady be mad," I thought, but, I said nothing, and Mrs. Hazelwood went on:

"We have no children of our own, and our love for her, and pride in her, is very great; too great perhaps; yet with all our care we have not been able to avert bitter misery from her, and I fear there is more in store for her. I will not tell you what it is yet, as I hope she may open her heart to you. I am sure you will have a healthy influence over her."

"You are very kind to say so," I replied, scarcely knowing what to reply.

"Not kind," the lady went on in an agitated tone; "I am perhaps a little too candid; but Isabel is so precious to me, a childless woman, that I am apt to lose judgment about her, and both to conceal and to lay bare too much concerning her. But it is getting chilly; we will go in."

We went in, and after a little more conversation on indifferent topics, and a little more music, and some light refreshment, we went to bed, without seeing anything more of Miss Verney for that night. The next morning I came to a definite understanding with my employer as to what I was expected to teach my pupil. I learnt that I was to be ready "to bear with her at all times." That "was all," Mrs. Hazelwood said, imploringly.

"The German and French and harp might amuse her sometimes; but what she wants is companionship of a—of a—of a similar kind to yours, I am sure, my dear Miss Archer," Mrs. Hazelwood said, finishing off with a complimentary generality.

All this promised pleasantness and ease enough; rather too much ease in fact; for at first I did not at all incline to the state of salaried idleness to which I was condemned by Miss Verney's caprice and Mrs. Hazelwood's indulgence of it. But after a time I became so completely one of the family, that I took my large share of the goods that were going quite complacently, and never strove to teach Isabel to do more than love me.

I had been there about three months before I got hold of any sort of clue as to the reason of Isabel's uncertain demeanor, and the Hazelwood's strange surrendering of themselves to it. The girl was evidently idolized by her aunt, and very much considered, loved, and indulged by her uncle. Still at times there would be in her manner toward them such a burst of untoward discontent and dissatisfaction, that if I had not begun to love her dearly, I should have held her very much to blame. But at the close of a bright, beautiful, ruddy and golden October day, Isabel asked me to go and sit in her dressing-room with her, before the hour of dressing for dinner. It was a charmingly pretty as well as an exceedingly comfortable room. Two sides of the walls were panelled with mirrors; the third held a capacious wardrobe between the windows; the fourth was occupied by the fireplace, on one side of which was the entrance to her bedroom, screened by day with heavily falling curtains; the other side of the fireplace was taken up with a huge dressing-table, in the centre of which swung a cheval glass. There were easy-chairs, a low ottoman, a couch, and one or two fancifully shaped tables. On this special evening the room looked specially pretty, for a small char-wood fire burnt on the grate, and on one of the fanciful tables tea and thin bread and butter, served in the rarest Dresden, were ready prepared for us.

As soon as I was installed in one of the easiest chairs, with a cup of tea in my hand, Miss Verney began: "I have never liked to ask you before, but I will now, Miss Archer. Do you—has my aunt said anything—or has Mrs. Digby told you anything about me?"

She asked in a hesitating, affectedly careless manner, that was not natural to her. I saw that her face had flushed a good deal, and that she was trying to read the truth in my eyes, without exactly meeting them. However, I wished to meet her gaze fully before I answered. Then I said, "They have never either of them said more to me of you than this—that you are very dear to them both, and that Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood prize you as their own child, and value your happiness above their own. Is there more to tell?"

I asked the question frankly, and frankly she answered me, as she placed herself in the chair opposite to me; "Only this—that I am engaged to be married."

"Really! And soon? No, they never hinted at that great fact. I wish you joy, Isabel, with all my heart."

"And with all my heart I thank you for the wish, and believe it will be realized," she said, heartily. "So they have never told you? And I have been half angry the whole time you have been here, fancying that they had."

"Why should you be angry at my hearing of your happiness?"

"Because;—oh! it's so tedious to give reasons; because it's in the future, and because third people always make a bungle of such matters when they try to unravel them for the benefit of a fourth."

"Shall you be married soon?"

"In about eight months from now. It was to help me to bear this year of engagement patiently that they secured you as my companion. And really, Helen, as good uncle would have it, I couldn't have had a dearer one. Are you engaged?" I told her that I had not the honor of being so, and asked her where her future husband was, and what was his name and occupation. "His name is Boulding—Gerald Boulding, of Clanmere, one of the finest places in the county, about twenty miles from here; his health has been, not bad, but not quite good for the last six months, and he's on the Continent. You're sure you never heard of him?"

"Quite sure."

"Never heard of his being here, at Wearham Chase, at all?"

"Never," I replied.

"Ah," she said, with a relieved air. "I made sure that dear old Digby had been babbling. I'm delighted to find that she has not. And Aunt Emily has not spoken of him either?"

"Indeed she has not," I said, thinking the while that it would have been only natural if some one had mentioned to me the current engagement and approaching marriage of the one who was the centre of all interest at Wearham Chase. Having broken the ice, Miss Verney enlarged upon the theme as only a woman can enlarge upon a theme that is dear to her. She told me that she had not seen Mr. Boulding for nearly five months; that he would remain away until April, when he would return, and set about the alterations that were to be made at Clanmere for the reception of its mistress; and that in June—in the month of roses—they were to be married. "But there are dull, dreary months to be lived through before my wedding-day comes," she said, at the end of a long, loving account which she

had given me of him. "There is a weary time to be passed in some way or other, before Gerald comes back in April. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I suppose we had better dress for dinner, Helen, and not bewail the inevitable any longer just now."

I got up to go away to my own room at the hint; but before I went I said, "You are a happier girl than I thought you even, Isabel. I have always believed your position to be a most enviable one; but through ignorance I underrated its attractions."

She shook her head despondingly. "I am not half as happy as you are, Helen, in spite of it all; but it's no use complaining. I can't mend matters," she said, turning away to one of the glasses. "These months of anxiety and suspense are altering me," she added, impatiently, as she looked at the reflection of her fair young face. Gerald will not find me improved if he does;—when he does come back." From this time Miss Verney spoke freely on the subject. Once or twice she mentioned having heard from Mr. Boulding. She showed me a ring, a rare intaglio, that he had sent her from Florence, and consulted me about her trousseau. "Aunt Emily says it will be quite time enough to set about ordering it when Gerald comes back to England," she said to me one day; "but I should like to begin at once. There will be so much to do."

"But it can surely be done in a couple of months," I said, laughing. "Remember the old adage, Isabel, 'There's many a slip'—"

"How I detest vulgar old proverbs," she replied, angrily, and dropped the subject of the trousseau for a week or two.

Soon after this Mrs. Hazlewood spoke of Mr. Boulding to me for the first time. She mentioned him merely as one of the great county men; and so in order that there might not be any misunderstanding between us, and that she might not suspect me of undue reserve, I told her that Isabel had mentioned her engagement to me. Mrs. Hazelwood watched me anxiously while I was making this communication, and when I closed it, she said: "I am very, very glad that Isabel has of her own accord told you so much, Miss Archer. I hoped before this that she would have told you more; the reason James and I have been so reserved on the point is that we wished Isabel to tell you herself; you had heard nothing of it before, had you?" I assured her that I had not heard anything of it before, and could not help wondering why they made a mystery of what promised to be such a good match for Isabel. However, I learnt no more just then, for, after expressing a hope that her niece would still further confide in me, and that I might prove, when this confidence was made, the judicious friend they expected me to be, Mrs. Hazelwood resumed her reserve.

Time went on, and April was close at hand. I must state here that it struck me as strange that Miss Verney's engagement was never alluded to in the society of the neighborhood. The Hazelwoods entertained and visited a great deal, and their beautiful niece was evidently regarded as an acquisition wherever she appeared. But no notice was ever taken of her being a betrothed, and no one ever named Mr. Boulding before her. At length Mrs. Hazelwood solved this mystery for me. Their kindness and consideration for me had won from me a very genuine regard and affection for the whole family in return. They were conscious of this, and made me feel that they were glad of it. It was early in April, a day or two before Mr. Boulding was expected home, that Mrs. Hazelwood enlightened me as to the cause of Isabel's disquiet. "I could have wished she had told you everything herself," the dear old lady said, with a sigh; "but as she has not, I will. The fact is, her uncle and I don't quite like Mr. Boulding, or quite approve of the marriage."

"Why not?" I asked, in surprise.

"It's a long story, but I will tell it briefly," she replied. "Gerald Boulding has been the best match in the county ever since he came of age; so that when three years ago he proposed to Isabel every one congratulated and envied us. We were very proud and pleased ourselves, for—though married or single, she will have the same portion from my husband as he would have given a daughter—it was a brilliant marriage for her. There had been rumors of wildness and dissipation, but there are such about many young men. We had even heard a word of an attachment of long years to some one whom our dear child ought never to have succeeded. But we were made to disregard all these things by his protestations, and Isabel's love for him. Two years ago they were to have been married; everything was ready—the guests invited—the day named in the local papers—the poor child in such a blaze of unclouded happiness as she cannot know again—when a bad blow fell. A messenger came one night from Clanmere with a letter to Mr. Hazelwood. It was from Gerald Boulding, stating that he was obliged to go abroad—that untoward circumstances prevented his marrying at the time appointed, but that he hoped to come back in a few weeks and explain himself, and win Isabel's forgiveness. Think of the scandal at the time! Think of how it deepened when, instead of weeks, he stayed away months! At last, when he did come back, we used all the power our love gave us over Isabel to induce her to have nothing more to do with him. We failed. She forgave him, though he gave no proper explanation of his conduct, and we were obliged to give our consent to the renewal of the engagement, if he stood the test of constancy he himself proposed—namely, time and absence from her. He now professes to have stood that test, and is coming back, as you know, to be married in June.

"She must be very fond of him," I said.

"She is devoted to him," Mrs. Hazelwood replied; "badly as he behaved to her. She has only lived, I verily believe, on the thought of being united to him. Her uncle and I wanted to take her out of the neighborhood, but she would not go. She said it would look as if she were ashamed either of him or of herself. Then her spirits got low, and her temper variable; and we advertised, and you came, and know the rest. I assure you I have often trembled to think of the effects suspense and doubt would have on her."

"It will soon be over now," I said, cheerfully; and Mrs. Hazelwood sighed heavily as she replied:

"It will indeed."

In a few days the recreant lover came; and when I saw him I could not wonder at Isabel having been lenient. He was refined, polished, cultivated, handsome, *debonnaire* in manner, and devoted to his betrothed. He loaded her with attentions and with rich gifts. He hurried on the alterations at Clanmere, and the bridal preparations at Wearham Chase. Once more the day was fixed and the guests invited. Isabel was in a perfect blaze of happiness. Even the Hazelwoods could not refuse to be cordial and pleased with a man who made life so bright a thing to their darling niece. The trousseau and the cake arrived—the first was all that the heart of woman could desire, the second all that the art of confectionery could achieve. All the spare bedrooms in the house were strewn with rich silks and costly laces. The wedding-dress itself was a marvel of white satin and lace; the myrtle-wreath, the long veil, the bridal bouquets, all were perfect; and Isabel called upon me a dozen times a day to say that they were so.

The wedding-day came. The marriage was to take place at half-past eleven, and ten minutes to that hour I came from Isabel's room for the first time that morning, and went downstairs. Mr. Boulding was to have come to the house, but he had not arrived. It was surmised that he had gone to the church; so a couple of messengers were dispatched there to see if the surmise was correct. Minutes slipped by. I returned to Isabel, who was momentarily expecting to be summoned. She asked me some question about Gerald, and I told her what we thought, "that he had gone straight to the church." Her face grew very white, and she walked to the window which commanded a view of the beech-tree avenue, and gazed along its shaded vista with her eyes flashing and her lips quivering with excitement. "He would come this way—it's the nearest road to Clanmere," she said, after a few minutes' silent watch. "Helen, go down and hear what uncle and Aunt Emily think we had better do. I will go down to the church; he may be there."

"Wait a minute," I pleaded; "we shall hear directly Mr. Boulding arrives." Then, not daring to disobey her, I went to speak to the Hazelwoods, much as I dreaded leaving Isabel alone. I found the Hazelwoods in a room by themselves. They had come away from those of the guests who had assembled according to invitation before the ceremony at Wearham.

"I could not face the gathering doubt which I saw growing among them," Mrs. Hazlewood said, excitedly; "I can't go and speak to that poor child. James, what can we do?"

"Nothing," Mr. Hazelwood said, sternly. "We can only wait for awhile—not for long."

"Will you send to Clanmere to make inquiries?" Mrs. Hazelwood asked, in a deprecating voice, after a short time.

"Certainly not," he replied; and then I went back sadly to Isabel's room.

She had become violently excited. It was now twenty minutes past twelve. I had no comfort to give her.

"Are they going to send to Clanmere?" she asked, impatiently, turning round sharply upon me as I approached her.

"No," I answered, in a faltering voice. "Your uncle thinks he had better not."

"Then Uncle James thinks—oh Heaven help me!—what does he think, Helen?" she cried. And as she spoke the tears fell down upon her cheeks, and rolled in large drops down upon the fleecy lace and glistening satin. "My heart will burst if this goes on much longer. I have been so tried. I have borne so much for him. He should have spared me this." She broke into a passionate wail of woe as she said this, and flung herself down upon the couch, crushing her veil and wreath—writhing in the agony of love and doubt, of dread and shame, that possessed her. I would not let my own tears fall. I could do nothing that could soothe her. All I could do was to put my cold hand on her fevered one, and press it lovingly.

Suddenly she started erect.

"Helen," she began, "I have told you much, but not all about Gerald; once before he deceived me, and I forgave him. You did not know that?" I was not compelled to add to her humiliation by telling her that I did know it, therefore I held my peace. "But every one else knew it," she went on, her chest heaving, and her voice rising to a cry almost; "I would not break down then; and all these months I know Uncle James and Aunt Emily have been blaming themselves for giving way to my wishes; and now it will kill me." The clock struck one. "For mercy's sake go down again," she exclaimed, starting up. "Keep every one from me; keep away yourself, till you can tell me he is come. I shall go mad if I am not left alone."

Once more I went away on my hopeless mission. Some people whom I knew stopped me before I reached the door of the room in which the Hazelwoods were still alone.

"Miss Archer," the lady said, "we feel that really, under the circumstances, it will be better for us to order our carriages and go away quietly."

"Already?" I asked, bitterly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"We really think so," she replied. "Of course, we hope for the best; but really, the position is so very painful; the Hazelwoods are very much to be pitied, and so is poor Miss Verney; but some people have foreseen this."

"I will say good-morning to you at once," I said, coldly. Then I went in to take further counsel with poor Mrs. Hazelwood, who by this time was weeping almost as bitterly as the insulted bride-elect. We formed a thousand plans, abandoned them, and formed others. We hoped, we suggested, we excused. All in vain. The hours crept on. Twice I had been up to Isabel's door, which was locked, and had been refused admittance by her.

"You shall leave me alone," she said, the last time I knocked. "I dare not see any one yet, Helen; you don't know what this is; it's worse than death."

At three o'clock the house was deserted by all but the regular inhabitants. For the last hour we had obeyed Isabel's injunction, and had left her "alone" to battle with that agony which she had declared to be worse than death. During that hour I had remained with Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood, for all reserve on the subject was banished now, and they spoke freely before me and to me of the insulting wrong that had been offered to their child. They blamed themselves in words that went to my heart, for that touch of weakness in their love for her which had induced them to consent to the renewal of the engagement which had once been broken. Blamed themselves, because they would suffer no shadow of their blame to fall on the poor, loving, betrayed, obstinate girl, who was wrestling with her sorrow alone up-stairs.

"It broke her health and altered her temper the first time," poor Mrs. Hazelwood said at last.

"By Heaven's help it shall not break her heart now," her husband answered; "all that love, and care, and change of scene can do, shall be done."

"Ah, my dear, such love and care as this, faithful as it is, will never heal this wound, or fill this gap," the old lady said to him tenderly; "the more we cherish and prize her, the more she will feel that she has been slighted, and scorned, and slapped by the hand she prized and cherished most!"

"I must insist on my child seeing me and speaking to me now," Mr. Hazelwood said in answer to this, rising up slowly as he spoke. "Come, Emily, let us go to her; alone, Miss Archer; not even you must see this meeting." He put his hand kindly on my shoulder, as he led his wife past me, and I stood back reverentially almost, for theirs was a great sorrow.

A hush had fallen over the house, and through the silence that reigned I heard him knock at Isabel's door. Then he leaned over the banisters and called impatiently,

"Send a locksmith here; she can't open the door;" and then I forgot his request that I should remain below, and ran up to join them.

"She cannot open the door," Mrs. Hazelwood said, getting hold of my hand and looking at me with frightened eyes, and I asked in a whisper:

"Did she tell you so?"

"No!—yes, she said something. Ah!" this was a sigh of mingled terror and relief, as the door gave way and we got into the room.

Isabel was standing by a table in the window that commanded the avenue, leaning against the table, evidently requiring its support. She moved her head slowly and with an effort as we approached her, and her lips moved, but I did not hear any words. The fair beauty of her face was gone, altogether gone. Not marred and disfigured by passion, but gone as utterly as if she had never been any other than the haggard woman we now looked upon. Of the misery, the pain, the hopelessness there was in her eyes as she turned them upon us, I can give no adequate idea.

We did not speak to her. We were wise in that. We did not torture her with words then. Her uncle took her in his arms, and moved her from the window, and as he did so, she threw back one wild, despairing glance along the avenue by which he had promised to come.

"She is cold as death!" Mr. Hazelwood said, as he placed her on the sofa; and as he placed her, she remained, making no movement to attain ease or rest, but just staying in the crumpled-up position which her helplessness had obliged him to place her in.

We took off her wreath and veil very gently, and the hours went by, and we thought she was resting and praying, for her eyes were closed and her hands were clasped. But just as the sun was sinking she rose up with a suddenness that startled away the possibility of our attempting to stop her, and went over to the window once more. Then she turned away nearly blind and staggering, and when we caught her in our arms we knew that the tension had been too great, and that now it was nearly over.

So she died, just as the day did, the day to which she had looked forward with such wearing fluctuations of feeling for a year. I can give no record of the time that followed. She was dead! Suddenly that fair beautiful thing that was lying on the couch was taken from us, and colder hands moved it about, and colder lips named it, and we were nothing. We were only "permitted" by the old nurse to remain in the room.

Rumors came to us before we could go away from the place that had been the scene of that terrible life and death struggle, that the man on whose head her blood will be, had gone away from Clanmere the night before that fatal day. Strangers rent his place now, and he has never been heard of since Isabel died for him. It is still a heart-sickening mystery, whether his conduct was caused by wanton cruelty, by the consequences of some former crime committed by him, or by madness. It is hard to believe that insanity could have so deliberately planned such treachery.—*The Galaxy.*

Epitaph on a Kitten.

Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust;
Oh! had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older, we trust.
Had it grown up to cathood,
Then many a rat 'ould,
Have mourned in the deepest of woe;
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
That land where other cats go.

☞ Lalande, the French astronomer, hates all prejudices, and affects to consider that the two worst prejudices, which it behooves him specially to attack, are the belief in God and the fear of spiders. On first making one's acquaintance, he asks these two questions: "Do you believe in God?" Second—"Are you afraid of spiders?" adding, "I neither believe in God, nor fear spiders;" at the same time drawing from his pocket a gold box filled with these insects, and swallowing one of them to show the sincerity of his avowal.

☞ We all have our trials—all except Jeff. Davis.

☞ Literary men in Egypt must be rather overworked. Since the commencement of the year there has been regularly published every week at Cairo a journal called the Politique Morale, printed in three languages—French, Armenian, and Turkish—the editor and proprietor of which is also sole contributor, compositor, corrector, and distributor. The name of this energetic individual is Charles Akdjallem. This paper gives a very singular idea of the ladies of the place, since it finds it necessary to inform them, that "the first of ornaments is cleanliness—that of the body consisting in taking a bath once a month!" Bravo, Charles Akdjallem!

☞ A bachelor, according to the latest definition, is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

☞ A conundrum in Political Economy—the fact that the greatest gold-producing nation uses green colored rags for a circulating medium.

☞ The Princess de Furstenberg, a lady highly respected at Vienna, has just laid a complaint before the police of Berlin, in consequence of the misuse made of her portrait by a photographer of that capital. Wishing to publish a likeness of the famous Julie Ebergenyi, he charged a colleague at Vienna to procure him one. The latter, not being able to succeed, simply purchased a carte-de-visite of the Princess de Furstenberg, which, having been copied, has been sold by thousands as the poisoner. What renders the fact still more unpleasant is that the pictures reproduced in the illustrated newspapers are excellent resemblances of the Princess.

GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

AN ITALIAN DITTY.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name
was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian
town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable
old thing,
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going
for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one
day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to
pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked
so good and true,
That she thought "I could be happy with a
gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that
cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter
unto ten,
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his
daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes'
walk from her abode.)

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it
wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with ex-
pressive purple eyes,
So she sought the village priest to whom her
family confessed;
The priest by whom their little sins were
carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould
grieve you, would it not?
To discover that I was a most disreputable
lot!
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most un-
happy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been
and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little
kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little
lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a
little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its
neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and
dropped a silent tear—
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too
heavily, my dear—
It's wrong to murder babies little corals for
to fleece,
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-
crown a-piece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young and
flighty in your mind,
Old heads upon young shoulders we must
not expect to find:
We mustn't be too hard upon these little
girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—ex-
actly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kind-
ness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singu-
larly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can for-
get;
But, O, there is another crime I haven't
mentioned yet!

"A pleasant looking gentleman, with pretty
purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-
catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can
be—
I blush to say I've winked at him and he has
winked at me!"

"For shame," said Father Paul, "my erring
daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have
ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has
pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the Lieutenant
of his band!"

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your
worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers
I know;
For many many years they've kept starva-
tion from my doors,
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid
neighborhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridicu-
lously good;
And if you marry any one respectable at all;
Why, you'll reform, and what will then be-
come of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl
upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to
Robber Brown;
To tell him how his daughter, who was now
for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who recipro-
cated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger
pretty well,
He said "I have a notion, and that notion I
will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him
into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into
little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a
thing or two,
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent,
as many do—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there
will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped par-
ticularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still sub-
urban square;
He watched his opportunity and seized him
unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on
the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she
went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in
her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of
the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed
her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieuten-
ant of his band. —*London Punch.*

☞ A Chicago court has decided that a telegraph company is responsible for error in the transmission of a despatch, even if the despatch is not repeated.

How the Japanese Worship.

On Sunday last we were fortunate in being a witness to one of the religious ceremonies of the Japanese, one which was evidently brought from their fatherland in all its native barbarity—the monthly fire-eating. The performers were the company now travelling in the West. They came to this city on Sunday, and remained here until Monday morning. Fusi-Yama, the father of the flock, is a venerable old Japanese, more than seventy years of age. One of Fusi-Yama's peculiar rites is that of fire-eating, and this is practised the first Sunday of every month.

About 10 o'clock, Fusi-Yama, with the Japs, some ten in number, came into the room. On a table in the centre of the room stood their god, an ordinary-looking wooden image, about a foot high, that ran to body and head more than to legs. Near the window stood another table, on which was a most hideous little wooden image. This was the Japanese devil. It is doubtful if a more vile-looking object could be cut out of wood than was this same devil. All the Japs, and particularly Fusi-Yama, seemed to stand in great fear of the image, and most anxious to keep in its good graces, by pandering to its appetite, for on the table were apples, raisins, oranges, cake, and several kinds of wine. As the devil's table seemed to be so well provided for, whilst that of the Japanese god contained nothing, we incidentally inquired why this was thus, and were told that the god was satisfied with prayers and promises, while the devil, to keep anything like a reasonable being, must be stuffed with the choicest bits, and even then he was not entirely to be depended upon.

When the Japanese first came to this country, they were particular in their observance, and were careful to keep the devil's table well supplied. One of the agents of the company, thinking the articles too good to be wasted, stole them away. Fusi-Yama would look at the empty plates, shake his head, and declare he had never seen a devil eat so much as his did since it had been in this country. One morning, however, he caught the tricky agent, and his indignation knew no bounds. He vented his wrath in tones both loud and deep, and uttered threats. He said he would buy all the fruit and wine the agent wanted, but he must "no robbee devil any more, cause he make bad work wid em." Since that time the devil has had his own.

Upon entering the room, Fusi-Yama and the Japanese fell prostrate before their god, and poured forth what was no doubt a fervent prayer. The heads of all hugged the carpet as close as possible, and there was indication of earnest piety in their tones. This lasted for a few moments, and then all arose and bowed three times. This was designed as a promise that they would be faithful. Then all fell prostrate before the devil and commenced a wail-like chant, sorrowful enough in its tone. Before the image they bowed time after time, chanting in a rapid, uncouth manner. This, as we afterward learned, was a sort of earnest entreaty to the evil one that he would not molest them, they in turn promising to feed him well. All the Japanese have an idea that the devil can, if he wishes, do them harm while they are performing, and no efforts are spared to conciliate him. They do not believe in kindness and coaxing altogether, for the salt which is distributed so bountifully before a feat is attempted, is supposed to have no little effect in keeping his Satanic Majesty away.

The entreaty to the devil was kept up fully twenty-five minutes, and then the Japs arose, bowed three times, and felt evidently that the evil one had been sufficiently importuned.

Now came the strangest part of the ceremony. A dozen pieces of pine wood, each about an inch square, were produced. These Fusi-Yama took, placed on the coals in the grate, and while the remainder of the company fell on the floor, the old fellow fanned the blocks, jabbering all the time until they were real coals. They were then taken from the fire on a plate, still snapping and cracking from the flames. All the company commenced a most doleful chant, or rather howl, while Fusi-Yama rolled up his eyes, commenced eating the burning mass, block at a time, carrying them to his mouth with his fingers. There was something startling about the manner in which it was done; something that almost made us believe that the devil had left the little wooden image and taken possession of the old Jap in earnest. There was no delusion about the matter, no sleight-of-hand-show. There were the coals, spitting and burning, alive, and as hot as coals could well be, and there was the Jap eating them as fast as his teeth could crush them and his palate work them down. He appeared to experience no pain, but rather to relish the outrageous food, while his friends kept up their dolorous cry.

At least a dozen of these coals were devoured—one by one, and rapidly. As the last coal went down the Japs ceased their howlings, and all stood up. Fusi-Yama washed his mouth out with a glass of wine, wiped it, and fanned himself. Reporter escaped from the room, satisfied that the Japs must be a remarkably funny set of people, any way you can fix it.—*From a Milwaukie newspaper.*

☞ Among the obituary notices of a country paper, we recently noticed the following:—"Mr. William Sayre, of our village, aged eighty-three, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday evening last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack by Mrs. Lucretia Stoke, a blooming widow of "thirty-five."

☞ A French Priest illustrated the wisdom of Providence by stating as the reason why asparagus did not grow with both ends equally succulent, that it would have been impossible for any one to have held the stalks with his fingers!

☞ At the royal wedding ball at Turin, a clumsy painter tore one of the flounces from the bride's dress. Amid the surprise and consternation, the Prince of Prussia was seen to draw from his pocket a portmonnaie which might have cost thirty sous, containing knife, needles, and other useful little articles. His Royal Highness pulled out a small pair of scissors, placed his knee on the ground, and cut off the morsel which was hanging. At the moment the young Princess extended her hand for the bit of lace, the guests were not a little surprised to see the prince rise, lay the precious relic on his heart, and fold it up methodically, and put it in the breast pocket of his coat. There's gallantry for you!

☞ It is to her a humiliating fact that all the mechanical power exerted by man during his life is more than covered by the power stored up in one small cart-load of coal.

Enoch Arden Outdone at Last.

Nathan Swin, a nice young mechanic, had a pretty wife and four children. Swin took a boarder, a freight conductor on the C. R. I. & P. Railroad, who stole the pretty woman's affections and became very naughty. Swin begged of his wife, at various times, to change her conduct, and he would forgive her. She wouldn't reform, and so Swin divided his goods with her and helped her ship them West in company with her seducer. The woman got into the caboose and bade her husband good-by as coolly as though he were a mere acquaintance. Swin then went up to the rascal and said: "You've got the woman. If you ever desert her or misuse her, and I hear of it, I'll kill you. You've done enough to injure me; don't repeat it with her," and off they started for the Far West.—*Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.*

☞ A sensation has been created in San Francisco by a letter from a young lady, formerly Miss Wilson, who spent six or eight months in that city. She married a young Frenchman whom she had known in New York, and who stood very well in society. She went with her husband to Paris, where his parents denied the validity of the marriage on the ground that he was not twenty-five years old when the ceremony was performed, and he had not obtained the consent of his father, and also on the ground that the bans were not published, as required by the French law.

☞ Brigham Young is said to be setting out one hundred and fifty acres in mulberry trees, and the faithful are about to follow his example. The slopes and hills of Central Utah are particularly well adapted to silk growing, and the characteristic energy of the Mormons will soon make it a large interest.

☞ A pop-corn manufacturer returns the largest income in Fitchburg, Mass.

☞ A liquor saloonist in Pittsfield, Miss., has, in facetious view, decorated the walls of his den with portraits of the venerable divines of that vicinity.

☞ The new Southern Governors are all or nearly all Northern men. Governor Bullock, of Georgia, is from New York; Governor Clayton, of Arkansas, is from Pennsylvania; Governor Reed, of Florida, is from Wisconsin; Governor Warmouth, of Louisiana, is from Illinois; Governor Scott, of South Carolina, is from Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Governor (B. B. Eggleston) proposed for Mississippi is from Ohio; Governor Wells, to be voted for in Virginia, is from Michigan.

☞ One of the attaches of the Chinese Embassy is an accomplished juggler, and he has been attempting for some time to discover the trick by which a quart of strawberries is conjured into a pint-box. He says the feat exceeds Chinese jugglery.

☞ The negro barber in Louisville who left an estate worth $100,000, made his money by never charging more than five cents for a shave.

☞ A Delaware man has lost three wives and twenty-one children by death, but as he has one wife and thirty children living, perhaps he is happy after all.

☞ A Mr. Kerr, of Edinburgh, has invented a reflector for a locomotive, by the means of which the engineer is able to see the rear of his train, the conductor, and all who are either getting on or off, without moving from his seat. It can be arranged for any length of train by simply changing the angle of reflection. It has been tried on the Jeffersonville, Ind., road, and pronounced a success in every respect.

☞ Fifteen years ago a man left Gardiner, Me., to try his fortunes in Chicago. He had $800, which he invested in buying house lots about a mile from the centre of the then city. To-day that same property would sell at auction for $250,000. The spare change he got from practising law he put into house lots and then into a banking house, and now pays a tax upon $3,000,000 of safe investments, while he is one of the leading Republican managers of the whole Northwest.

☞ The sun's light is not only essential to the preservation of the natural vigor of the body, but acts very beneficially as a remedy in disease. The French make great use of it, particularly in their hospitals. To the windows of these there are attached inclined planes upon which the sick are laid, and exposed on every clear day to the sun's light. This has a more powerful tonic effect than all the iron, quinine, porter, wine and spirits which are so much used with us.

☞ The Emperor Napoleon has recently been much interested in a proposition submitted by M. Krantz to make Paris a commercial port, by rendering the river Seine navigable from the ocean to Paris for steamboats of very respectable size. The plan is said to be a very ingenious one, and, with the estimates, has already been submitted to a commission of scientific and practical gentlemen. It is proposed to raise the banks of the river where required.

☞ At a late dinner in North Carolina, there sat down to table three ex-Governors, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, two ex-Members of Congress, and some other men of honorable distinction in their state, and the only person in the room who could vote or hold office was the negro who waited on the table.

☞ The finest thing about the female sex as a general thing, is—their cambric handkerchiefs.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 6500 bbls sold at $7,50@8,50 for superfine, $9@9,50 for extra, $9,75@10,75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10@12 for Penna and Ohio family, and $12,50@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold at $9,12½@9,25.

GRAIN—About 28,000 bus Wheat sold at $2,40@2,47 for fair to prime Penna, Western and Southern red; $2,50 for amber, and $2,6[illegible]2,80 ₩ bus for white, according to quality. Rye; 2000 bus prime Penna sold at $1,80@1,85 ₩ bus. Corn; about 40,000 bus sold at $1,10@1,13 for Western mixed, and $1,18@1,18 for prime yellow. Oats; about 25,000 bus sold in lots at 82@84c for Chicago; 85@89c for Ohio; 87@89c for Penna, and 88@90c ₩ bus for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of mess Pork at $28,50@29, and prime at $21@24,50. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $27,50. Beef Hams sell at $37@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; sides at 16@18c, and shoulders at 13½@14c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 17@17½c, and salt shoulders at 12½c. Lard—Sales of 800 bbls and tcs at 17½@17¾c ₩ lb, and kegs at 18@18¾c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 18@20c, and roll at 18@20c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 14@15c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 26@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. About 900 bales of middlings sold in lots at 29½@31c for Uplands, and 30½@32c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5@6 cts ₩ lb. 8000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

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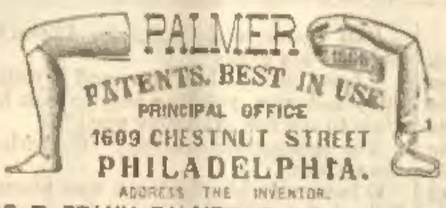

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EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID-UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. HARRY MILLER, Special Agent.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb8-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

GOLD! GOLD!

My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Send all money in letters to M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. je27-4t

$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

SPANISH CURLING CREAM—An exquisite pomade for Curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls. *Warranted.* Mailed for $1. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York. je20-2m

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. je13-4t

GREAT SALE
OF
DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE
OF ALL KINDS,
ALBUMS,

And a variety of valuable and useful articles for sale at

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

A check, describing an article selected from our stock for sale at One Dollar, will be sent on the receipt of Three Cents to pay postage.

No charge for Schedules or Checks made at this establishment.

Send for circulars, as this is the most liberal sale of the kind in the country. Address

FARNHAM & CO.,
je18-4t No. 24 Friend St., Boston, Mass.

THE ORIGINAL
ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF MAY 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. B. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows:—That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States assessor, $104,711, (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.*) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7230—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 20 cts. per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
69 Pairs Wool Blankets.
218 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $3.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1132 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces of Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-plated Castors.
1482 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfil our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our house absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
☞ We will send circulars to any address.
je12-4t

BELLS.
TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,
Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.
Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)
HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE,
FULLY WARRANTED.
FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y
aug20-1y

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-17t

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.

GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. my23-13t

CORNS BUNIONS, BAD NAILS, etc., cured by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton. *Briggs' Curative*, a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. By mail, 50 c. and $1 20.

CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Allenator* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express. Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 208 Broadway N. Y
je6-1y

8,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell 10 NEW INVENTIONS, of great value to families; all pay great profits to agents. Send 4 stamps and get two books and a sample, gratis, and postage paid. EPHRAIM BROWN,
je20-6t Lowell, Mass.

$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 28 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my16-6m

$10 TO $20 A DAY, SURE, and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago. je27-4t

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 30 cents, twice as many 80 cents. MANSON LANG, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Cockroach.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

The cockroach is a bug at large.

He is one ov the luxuries ov civilization.

He is easy to domestikate, yielding gracefully to ordinary kindness, and never deserting those who show him proper acts of courtesy.

We are led to beleave, upon a cluss examination ov the outward crust ov these fashionable insekts, that they are a highly successful intermarriage between the brunnette pissmire, and the "*artikilus bevo*," or common Amerikan grasshopper.

Naturalists, however, differ, which iz to be lamented, for a diversity ov sentiment, upon matters so important to the peace ov mind and moral advancement ov mankind in the lump, creates distrust, and tends to sap the substrata ov all bug ethicks.

But let the learned and polite pull hair az much az they please about the ansestral claims ov the cockroach, it is our bizness and duty, az bug scrutinizer, tew show the critter up az we find him, without caring who his grandfather or grandmother acktually was.

There is no mistaking the fackt that he is one ov a numerous family, and that his attachment tew the home ov his boyhood speaks louder than thunder for his affecktionate and unadulterated natur.

He don't leave the place he waz born at upon the slightest provocation, like the giddy and vagrant flea, or the ferocious bed bug, and until death (or sum vile powder, the invenshun ov man) knocks at hiz front door, he and hiz brothers and sisters may be seen with the naked eye, over and anon calmly climbing the white sugar-bowl or running foot-races between the butter-plates.

How strange it iz that man, made out ov dirt, the cheapest material in market, and the most plenty, should be so determined to rid the world of every living bug but himself.

I don't doubt if he could hav his own way for six years, evry personal cockroach would be knocked off from the bosom ov the footstool, and not even a pair ov them left to repair damages with.

Such is man!

The cockroach is born on the fust ov May and the fust ov November semi-annually, and is reddy for use in fifteen days from date.

They are born from an egg, four from each egg, and consequently they are all ov them twins. There is no such thing in the annals of natur az a single cockroach.

The maternal bug don't sett upon the egg as the goose doth, but leaves them lie around loose, like a pint ov spilt mustard seed, and don't seem tew care a darn whether they get ripe or not.

But I never knew a cockroach egg fail tew put in an appearance. They are as sure tew hatch out and run as Kanada thistles, or a bad kold.

The cockroach is of two colors, sorrel and black. They are always on the move, and kan trot, I should say, on a good track, and a good day, cluss to three minnitts.

Their food seems to consist, not so much in what they eat as what they travel, and often finding them dead in my soup at the boarding-house, I have cum to the conclusion that a cockroach can't swim, but they can float.

Naturalists hav also declared that the cockroach has no double teeth. This is an important fackt, and ought tew be introduced into all the primary school books of Amerika.

But the most interesting feature of this remarkable bugg is the lovelyness ov their natures. They kan't bite nor sting, nor skratch, nor even jaw back. They are so amiable that I have even known them tew get stuck in the butter, and lay there all day, and not holler for help, and aktually die at last with a broken heart.

To realize the meekness ov these uncomplaining little fellers, let the philosophick mind just for one moment compare them to the peaky flea, who light upon man in hiz strength and woman in her weakness like a red hot shot; or to the warbling muskeeto, wild from a Nujersey cat-tail marsh, with hiz dagger in his mouth ackeing for blood; or, horror ov horrors! to the midnight bedbugg, who creeps out ov a crack az still and az lean az a shadow, and hitches on to the bosom ov buty like a starved leech.

Evry man has a right to pick his playmates, but as for me, I had rather visit knee deep among cockroaches than to hear the dieing embers ov a single muskeeter's song in the room jineing, or to know that thare waz just one bedbugg left in the world, and he was waiting for mi kandle to go out and for me to pitch into bed.

In conclusion, to show that I aint fooling, I would be willing, if I had them, to swarp ten fust-class flens any time for a small-sized cockroach, and if the fellow complained that I had shaved him in the trade, I would return the cockroach, and sware that we waz even.

A STATISTICAL genius declares that "more is expended in the United States for cigars than for all the common schools in the country." A wag, undoubtedly a lover of the weed, seeing the statement going through the papers, gets off the following: "It has been estimated that the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer, amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American board of Foreign Missions. The expenses of buttons on the backs of our coats, where they are of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all our orphan asylums. It is estimated that the value of old boots thrown aside, which might have been worn at least a day longer, is more than enough to buy flannel night-gowns for every baby in the land. Also, that the cost of every inch on the full shirt collars of our young men is equal to the sum necessary to put a Bible in the hands of every Patagonian giant."

A MILD ANECDOTE, says a British periodical, has just been told of the late Mr. Buckle, who by many was considered the finest of English chess players. On one occasion, when he was asked the ground for his refusal to play with an extremely slow player, whose tediousness had gained him the cognomen of "The Telegraph," Mr. Buckle, in his own peculiar, sententious manner, gave utterance to the following reply: "Well, sir, the slowness of genius is difficult to bear, but the slowness of mediocrity is intolerable." It is said from the time when this speech was reported to "The Telegraph," he was notable for fitful and hurried play.

YOUNG LADIES

Who affect the short skirt now in vogue, are respectfully cautioned against the witching hour of *sunset!*

Judicial Criticism.

A queer scene is related as having taken place in the Court of Chancery between Lord Campbell and an eminent lawyer, the queen's council. In an action brought to recover for damages done to a carriage, the learned council repeatedly called the vehicle in question a brougham, whereupon Lord Campbell, with considerable pomposity, observed: "*Broom* is the more usual pronunciation; a carriage of the kind you mean is generally and not incorrectly called a *broom*, that pronunciation is open to no grave objection, and it has the advantage of the time consumed by uttering an extra syllable." Half an hour later in the same trial, Lord Campbell, alluding to a similar action given, said: "In that case, the carriage which had sustained injury was an *omnibus*."—"Pardon me, my lord," interrupted the queen's council, with such promptitude that his lordship was startled into silence, "a carriage of the kind to which you draw attention is usually termed a *bus*; the pronunciation is open to no grave objection, and has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering the two extra syllables." The interruption was followed by a roar of laughter, in which Lord Campbell joined more heartily than any one else.

Sea-Sickness.

A gentleman travelling to New York in one of the Sound steamers, during the competition which has crowded the boats with "all sorts of people," was very much annoyed, on retiring to his state-room with his wife and children, to find a group of "fellows of the baser sort" just under his window, indulging in coarse conversation and vulgar jest. A waiter, sent out to remonstrate, was consigned to a place some degrees hotter than the boiler-deck.

After a moment's thought, the traveller filled his mouth with water from the pitcher, and opening his window suddenly, expelled the water into the darkness with the fearful retch of the first agony of sea-sickness. The astonished rowdies, imagining themselves treated to the contents of a sea-sick passenger's stomach, hastily retreated, with curses on the qualmishness of their disturber, and using their pocket-handkerchiefs vigorously, while the ingenious traveller, with a cuckle of satisfaction, retired to an undisturbed night's repose.—*Com. Bulletin.*

A Confused Frenchman.

Some little time ago, a man who had copiously refreshed himself at a fair, in Paris, was arrested for shouting "Vive la Republique!" "What am I to cry?" demanded he, of the sergent de ville who arrested him. In need of enlightenment, he was taken to the station-house, from there before a judge, and still he reiterated his question. It was discovered that the same individual had been imprisoned in 1849 for having cried "Vive l'Empereur!" "What am I to cry?" repeated the man, to the judge who interrogated him. "You must know what to cry, and when," answered the judge, who was a wit, but who condemned the man, nevertheless, to three months' imprisonment. This is one of the small surprises prepared by the confusion of revolutions.

A Match.

There is a story going the rounds of the boudoirs of Paris, about a handsome man about fifty years of age, but well preserved, and with only one infirmity—he had a glass eye.

It was a misfortune; but things are so well managed now-a-days, that no one noticed it.

One evening, having no other engagement, he accepted an invitation to a reception at Madame Saint Ildefonse de Pierovesville's.

My hero went to the ball, passed a charming evening, and devoted himself exclusively to a beautiful young blonde who attracted the attention of all the company.

Shall I confess it? He fell so in love with the young lady at first sight, that he made her an offer on the spot.

After a few instants of reflection, and some preliminaries relating to the contract, the marriage was arranged and celebrated in due time.

When he entered the nuptial chamber he extinguished the light.

A glass of water was on the table by the bedside; he dropped his eye into it.

The next morning as soon as it was light, our handsome bridegroom reached forth his arm, seized the cherished orb, and replaced it in its orbit.

As soon as he was dressed he went to see a friend in town.

On seeing him, his friend gave a cry of surprise.

"Perhaps you find me changed," said our friend. "It is my happiness. Think of it, my friend, I am married to the most delicious blonde—such hair! such eyes!"

"Blue eyes?"

"Of course, as she is blonde. If you could only see her eyes!"

"I see one of them now, and if your memory fails you, you have only to look in the glass to see her eye before you!"

The bridegroom trembled. He rushed to the mirror.

O horrors!—his right eye was black and full of fire, but his left eye was blue, languishing, and tender.

In the glass of water were two eyes, but they did not belong to the same person.

The newly married couple separated, without villifying each other, but not without changing eyes.

The Lessons of Life.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to *learn to wait*. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, *not* to loose hold, or to relax effort, *this* is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

Those who stand on the high places of the earth understand not what necessity, what suffering means; they know not what it is to a noble mind to be obliged, like the worms, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace, splendor, and beauty; they drink of life's sweetest wine, and dance in a charming intoxication. They find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real sufferings of the poor. They love only themselves, and look at mankind only in their own narrow circle.

A Kiss.

"What's in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can we see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly, and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part, and the job is complete. There is a kiss in the abstract? View it in the abstract! take it as it stands? look at it philosophically! what is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet, when you look at the character of the thing, it is simply pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will—to what country you will, you are perfectly sure to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss after all."

☞ There are seventeen acres of flooring in the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, which it is claimed is more than in any other building in the world.

AGRICULTURAL.

The End of the Horse.

When the horse falls, he is bled, and his blood is preserved for the use of the dyer. The mane and tail are next cut off for the manufacturer of selves, hair cloths, and bow strings for the violin; the shoes are taken off for the nailer; the hoofs are cut off for combs and various other kinds of horn work, and a portion of the feet goes to the glue maker; the skin is stripped off for the tanner, who converts it into excellent leather for boots, harness, &c., and the collar-maker finds it in its rough state, the best material for cart harness. The flesh is then cut up for carnivorous beasts in menageries, or for dogs, and though without knowing that they are hippophagi, (a club of horse eaters, who regularly advertise their club days,) some of our fellow-creatures are regaled in the cheap eating-houses of great cities with delicate bits of carcase in the form of *pates*, pretended beef steaks or soup. When the flesh and fat have been removed, the stomach and intestines are laid aside for machine straps and strings for musical instruments, and are often sold for the latter purpose as the best Naples sords; the ribs are turned into buttons and children's toys; the large round bones serve for tweezers, whistles, ferules, knife handles, cups and balls, dominoes, &c., the large flat bones are of use to the toy men for many things; even the teeth are useful when polished, to the dentist, and for many purposes for which ivory is required. The bones of the head are either consumed in heating furnaces, or crushed for manure.

The remainder of the carcase is burnt, and by this process produces ivory black, soot black, and valuable manure. And from the fat is extracted a coarse oil, which is used by mechanics.

Not So.

"The Ohio Farmer asserts that nine-tenths of the foot and ankle ailments of the horse, are traceable to standing on dry plank floors." If this were true nine-tenths of those who keep horses are a set of ignorant people who have all their lives been destroying their horses before their eyes without knowing it! We have tried several substances for flooring, among them clay made as compact as possible, and none of them is to compare to plank. Of course no groom or owner of a horse, allows them to stand upon the naked floor, but has a good bedding of straw, fine shavings from a planing mill or sawdust. We venture to say that, all things considered, there is no flooring for stables which is so promotive of the health and comfort of the horse as that made of plank. In this region, where there are some of the finest horses in the world, these floors are almost universal.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Milking Machines.

Mr. Benj. Chase, of Auburn, N. H., writes to the Mirror and Farmer that he purchased a machine, paying $7, and $5 for the patent. He tried it on an easy milker, and after a good deal of effort succeeded in getting it adjusted on the cow's teats, and by working it could draw some milk, but by the time the cow was half milked the teats would not fill the cups, and the machine would drop off, there being no suction. He wrote to the agent stating the difficulty, and asking to be referred to somebody who had one in successful operation. The agent replied, giving no reference; but saying that he must persevere, for it required a good deal of practice to learn to use one. He and his hired man tried until they had exhausted all their mechanical talent, but without success.

LOBELIA, OR INDIAN TOBACCO.—A correspondent, who allows us to use only the signature of "Mary," believes this plant to be the cause of a great proportion of the sickness and death of farm stock. The writer does not expect people generally will agree with her, but believes that careful observation will result in the conviction that it is a mischief-making plant. As it flourishes best in wet seasons, and more is gathered with the second than first cutting of hay, our correspondent suggests the large crop of last season as the cause of the prevalence of the unusual amount of sickness among sheep and other stock the past spring.—*New England Farmer.*

SOIL FOR FLOWERS.—Leaf mould is good for flowers if two or three years old, and very much decayed; when but half rotten it is an injury. Rotten sod is the best sod for flowers; and cow manure which has lain two years to rot, the best fertilizer. Where rotten sod is not easily obtained, the edging parings of walks may be preserved in a heap for flower purposes.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

RECEIPTS.

MUTTON CHOPS.—Should be taken from the loin, from one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick. They should not be put on the gridiron until everything else is ready to be served; have a clear cinder fire to broil them; if the fat falling from them should cause a blaze, remove the gridiron for a moment, and strew a handful of salt over the fire. They should be kept continually turned; the greater part of the chine-bones should be chopped off; cut off a good deal of the fat, but do not pepper or flour the chops; and serve them one at a time, immediately they are done.

YOUNG ONION SAUCE.—Peel a pint of button onions, and put them in water till you want to put them on to boil; put them into a stewpan, with a quart of cold water; let them boil till tender; they will take (according to their size and age) from half an hour to an hour.

LEMON HONEYCOMB.—Sweeten the juice of a lemon to taste, and pour it into the dish you serve it in; mix the white of an egg that is beaten with a pint of rich cream and a little sugar; whisk it, and as the froth rises put it on the lemon juice. Do it the day before you wish to use it.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of thick cream and put it to the yolks of two eggs well beaten, 4 oz. of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up, then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and put the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

SWISS CREAM.—Boil half a pint of cream, the same quantity of milk, a piece of lemon-rind, and enough loaf-sugar to sweeten it. Thicken this with a teaspoonful of flour, and when nearly cold, add the juice of a lemon to it; this will thicken it. Then put into a glass dish and stick macaroons in it, or put in glasses.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 67 letters.

My 34, 14, 64, 60, 30, 44, is styled the father of English prose.

My 65, 10, 40, 18, 51, was an English poet.

My 64, 5, 45, 43, 41, is the god of mirth and laughter.

My 55, 63, 49, is a kind of sceptre or badge of office.

My 12, 8, 30, is a famous mountain near Troy.

My 35, 17, 3, is an herb.

My 45, 9, 56, 58, 20, was a king of Crete.

My 16, 28, 6, 63, 44, is a plant whose emblem is humility.

My 53, 6, 58, 67, 66, 62, is a well known constellation.

My 49, 31, 25, 48, 65, 23, is a vehicle used in Russia.

My 1, 9, 59, 40, 56, 9, 30, is queen of the fairies.

My 15, 47, 12, 52, 63, 56, was Neptune's trumpeter.

My 23, 27, 7, 4, 31, is one of the mechanical powers.

My 20, 36, 37, 4, 46, 28, 25, 4, is an animal.

My 39, 30, 13, 35, 5, 23, is a plant.

My 50, 57, 2, 10, 31, one of the legendary kings of Britain, father of Arthur.

My 19, 54, 38, 65, 29, 22, is a large bird.

My 64, 47, 61, 42, 33, 39, a battle between the English and French, 1346.

My 11, 5, 32, 24, 61, 31, 9, 56, 4, 34, 22, is the birth-place of Richard III.

My whole is a selection from Wordsworth.

Fallston, Md. "NUTMEG."

Problem.

The sides of a quadrilateral inscribed in a circle are as follows, viz.: A B 68, B C 40, C D 51, and D A 75 rods. Required—the area of the quadrilateral, the diameter and the area of the circumscribing circle, the length of each diagonal, and by what angle do they cross each other?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A and B set out from two towns, which were at the distance of 247 miles apart, and travelled the direct road till they met. A went 9 miles a day, and the number of days at the end of which they met was greater by 3 than the number of miles B went in a day. How many miles did each go?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Answers to Last.

REBUS—"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York."—*Richard III.* (Norway, Ostrich, Waterloo, Iris, Sphynx, Terpsichore, Herod, echo, water, infant, Nero, Tigris, Elysium, Rhodope, oasis, fop, Orion, usurer, Rhadamanthus, Date, Ivy, Swan, Ceaser, Obadiah, Nestor, Telechines, Ephesus, Nebuchadnezzer, Tartarus, Memnon, Ararat, Daniel, Eagle, Gladiators, Leonides, Olympus, Rubicon, Iras, Oceanus, Ulysses, Styx, Siberia, Ukase, Minotaur, Melissa, Eumolpus, Romulus and Remus, Briarius, Yule, Thalia, Hydra, Ivica, Sapho, Semiramus, Omphale, Niger, Osea, Fawn, Youth, Old Age, Religion, Kindred.)

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a pill and a hill? Ans.—One's hard to get up, and the other's hard to get down.

☞ Why is a pretty girl's foot like the letter Y? Ans.—Because it is at the end of beauty.

☞ What is that which ties two persons, but only touches one? Ans.—A wedding ring.

☞ Why is a kiss like a rumor? Ans.—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 9th—The required locus is an "Ellipse." A. Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 16th— $\frac{21875}{100776}$. A. Martin. $\frac{5}{18}$. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—30 yards at 12 dollars per yard. W. H. Morrow, W. T. Stonebraker, P. T. Doyle, S. S. Knox, J. S. Phebus and H. R. Spink. 900 yards at 40 cents per yard. J. Fatkin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of May 23— $\frac{320000}{107136}$. A. Martin. $\frac{2504100}{1113888}$. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of May 30th—A got 6 yards and B got 8. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, S. S. Knox, A. Reid, W. T. Stonebraker, C. H. Deane, Ella, Kate M. Johnson.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Mr. W. H. Morrow states that he has received 93 correct solutions to the Mythological Enigma published in THE POST of May 23d. The first three received were from Miss Ellen V. Lumpkin, Miss Mattie Pegley and Miss Emily Adams. The answer is, "It is woman alone through whom God's blessings are vouchsafed to a house."

DIRECTIONS FOR NETTING A HEAD DRESS FOR SUMMER EVENINGS AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Cast on 140 loups; make 2 rows of linen floss, then 5 of zephyr, 2 of linen floss; repeat 4 times. Drop 32 stitches on each side. Every row in finishing, take up 2 stitches, seven rows of zephyr; take off 60 stitches on the opposite side, which leaves a row of linen floss all around; do. 3 groups of zephyr, and 4 rows in each. It takes ¼ oz. of colored wool for border, and centre takes ¼ oz. white and 8 skeins of linen floss. First row of colored in the border, *double*, and larger mesh; next, 2 rows of linen floss; last, 3 rows of zephyr.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Eggs may be preserved by painting over the shells with a solution of gum arabic, and packing them in dry charcoal dust. The following mixture for preserving eggs was patented some years ago by a gentleman of Sheffield:—Put into a vessel a bushel of quick lime, two pounds of salt, half a pound of cream of tartar, and mix them together, with as much water as will reduce the mixture to the consistency that will cause an egg to swim with its top just above the liquid, then place the eggs in it.

TO KILL FLIES AND ROACHES.—Take one teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, half spoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of ginger, half spoonful of ergot; mix this with one teacupful of sugar, moistened with water. Spread thin on paper.